Manchester
AL
MONDO.

CONTEMPLATIO
Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.

Much inlarged.

London
Printed for Richard Thral. 1679

E. H. Van Hove fec.

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CUSTODES PRIVATI SIGILLI ANGLIE VIRA ELEGIT J. PRENOBILIS HENRICI COMITIS ANGLIE SUPER DNI
ANNO DNI. 1677

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A CONTEMPLATION OF *Death* and *Immortality.*

PHiloſophers, *Stateſmen*, and *Divines*, do all hold, that in this world there are but *three kinds of life*; one *Active*, the other *Contemplative*, the third *Voluptuous*.

Which of theſe is beſt, is the Queſtion.

Action void of contemplation is an unpoliſh'd or rude life: *Contemplation*, if it take up all a man's time, makes *a barren life*.

A *Voluptuous life*, though it be not idle, becauſe it is in act; yet, it is but an *idle occupation*.

Amongſt theſe, who ſo tries all (as I have done) ſhall find, that, *Action* profits moſt, but *Contemplation* pleaſes beſt: eſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *a long generation, a ſhort enjoyment*; are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldom come to enjoy

ing; always in *conceipt*, never in *act*.

When Christ was to suffer, *Misit CHRISTVS* Petrum & Johannem, *ad parandum Pascha*: Petrus, *benam Actionem*; Johannes, *devotam significat Contemplationem*. He sent *Peter* and *John*, to prepare the Passover: By the first, [*Peter*,] good Action may be conceived; by the other, [*John*,] devout Contemplation.

Man was not made for Contemplation only; his part is to Do, as well as Understand; *In earthly things* to be an *Actor*, *Of heavenly things* to be a *Spectator*. Therefore his felicity consists neither in rest nor action, but in a fit mixture of both.

Some use Contemplation for a Remedy; it seeming to make their minds ascend, when their fortunes descend.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus *repartited*: his will to God, his love to his Master, his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his Friend, and his time to Business.

It is true, Retiredness is more safe than Business; for, *Periclitatur anima in negotiis: The soul is endangered by* many *employments:* And yet, the less you do, the more you suffer. But as he is not happy that is always busie; so a publick man should not always

always be ſhut up in thoughts, pleaſing his life in the ſweetneſs of thinking. Finely ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, Reading without meditation is dry; Meditation without reading, erroneous, and Prayer alſo wthout meditation, but cold.

Lectio ſine meditatione, arida eſt: Meditatio ſine lectione, erronea eſt: Oratio ſine meditatione tepida eſt.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be always, or never alone, is idleneſs. But

The delight of Thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation, lies in the right choice of a good ſubject to contemplate: For every knowing man is ſo inquiſitive by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancy, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that ſubject which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and ſome late Writers, have fixed upon *the Love of God*; Some, upon *the paſſion of Chriſt*; Some, upon *the Joys of Heaven*; Some, upon *Contempt of the World*; ſeveral others, upon divers other ſubjects: All opining, that ſome one is to be choſen. For whoſo will *live to himſelf*, muſt be *at leaſure for God*. And a wiſe man ſaith, *Wiſdom is to be written in time of leaſure*: Whoever

Vivere ſibi.
Vacare Deo.

is lessen'd by work; he cannot tend it.

I being in my accustomed retiredness, disengaged from publick affairs (which was but seldom) found it useful, fruitful and delightful; *To bestow my thoughts upon my latter end.*

There be four last things, say the Fathers; *Heaven, Hell, Death* and *Judgment.*

All Subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much Employment, so many Offices, so long Practice in several professions (as every publick man is owing his abilities, cares, and years, to the service of his Master;) I now thought it time to seize on *Death*, before it seiz'd on me. *Lord, teach me to number my Days, that I may apply my Heart to wisdom.*

After long meditation, this I found, that when Meditation had begotten Devotion, then it applyed it self to Contemplation; which required a settlement upon some Divine object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of *Immortality?* What so necessary as the thought of *Death?* Herein therefore I complyed with my own desires, and made

made choice of *Death* and *Immortality* for the Subject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I saw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evil; but Divines do well dedicate *Contemplation* to holy Mysteries only.

We *meditate* to know God, we *contemplate* to love God. When God himself had seen the things created in several pieces, he said, *They were good*; But when he considered the Universe, as it were in contemplation, then he said, *Loe, they were exceeding good.* For *Meditation* considers her objects piece by piece, but *Contemplation* sums them all together; and sets, as in a glass, all the several beauties of Meditation's objects.

Meditation is, with a Man, as he that smells the Violet, the Rose, the Jessamy, and the Orange-flowers dividually: [*My Meditations of the Lord are sweet* (of themselves) saith *David:*] but *Contemplation* is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*: where the Spouse plaits up her hair [*trussing it up in one knot,*] to shew that we should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of Considerations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a

man's ſoul being once affected, hardly ſhall he obtain leave of his thoughts to return again to employments.

Nil proſunt lecta nec intellecta; niſi teipſum legas, & intelligas.

And leſt I, buſied about many things, ſhould remain unknown unto my ſelf; (for the old word is a true one, *Neither things read, or underſtood, proſit him at all, who does not both read and know himſelf*:)

I therefore applyed my ſelf [*Ad meum noviſſimum*, to my laſt thing,] *What man liveth, and ſhall not ſee death?* And if, after death, *The righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved*, we may well be *fearful*, and had need be *careful*, that we be not taken unprepared.

Go ye unprepared into the place prepared for you, will one day be a doleful ſaying.

Artem bene vivendi. Artem bene moriendi.

When I was a young man (ſaith *Seneca*) my care was to live well, I then practiſed *the art of well-living*. When age came upon me, I then ſtudied *the art of dying well*; how to die well.

It is true, *The journey of life appears not to buſie men until the end.* Yet when I was moſt buſie of all, *I delighted my ſelf with this comfort, that a time would come, wherein I might live to my ſelf*, hoping to have ſweet leiſure to enjoy my ſelf at laſt. And

And this I am now come to, *by disposing, not by changing my self.*

The Covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wise man; but the watch-word is given to all men. *Let your loins be girt up, your lamps burning, always watching.*

Sint lumbi præcincti. Lucernæ ardentes; Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let me be found in this posture, when I shall be to dye.

In the courses of my life I have had interchanges: the world it self stands upon vicissitudes: *Adversis & prosperis contexuit Deus vitam meam*: *God hath interwoven my life with adversity and prosperity.* When I first took me to a Gown, I put on this thought; *I desire a fortune like my Gown, not long, but fit*; fit for my condition: finding by others, that a contented kind of obscurity keeps a man free from envy. Although any kind of superiority be a mark of Envy; yet, Not to be so high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor so low as to be trodden on, was the height of my Ambition. But I must confess, I have since had a greater portion of the world's favour than I looked for: nevertheless, *I never*

Fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam sed concinnam.

gave trust to Fortune, although she seemed to be at peace with me.

To check repining at those above me, I always looked at those below me; nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse me, as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thank God, I can say, *O Lord, my heart is ready.*

Domine, Paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, *that life flows away by hours and days, as it were by drops.* And although the hour be not past till all the glass be run; and *no man can spill much by such a distillation:* Yet the glass runs then most faintly, when it draws neareſt to effluxion.

Guttatim, per horas & dies, fluit vita.

Nemo multum ex stillicidio potest perdere.

Careful *Martha* was full, busie about many things: but was well advised by Christ; *There was only one thing necessary.*

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his House for ever; This was *David's unum*, his one thing, and, God willing, shall be mine.

Vita brevis, Ars longa, Ars optima, est vivendo discere artem bene moriendi.

Physicians exclaim; That life is short, but Art is long; but Divines teach,

teach, that, *the best Art is, to learn by living, the Art of well dying.*

If this be to be begun when death is at the door, Then the sin-sick Soul will say, *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* But if thou hast learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce thee to say; *To me to live is Christ, to die is gain.*

Welcome Death, more blessed than my Birth. In the whole course of my life I have ever thought the right way *To dye well*, was *to live well*; And the way to live well in the World, was to dye betimes to the World.

The World is crucified to me, and I unto the World; yet I found it an hard matter to live in the World, and despise the World's good things. Therefore, for assistants, I took to me these three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity*; Love out of a pure heart, Hope out of a good conscience, and Faith not feigned; and for my soul's health often used this preparative, The examination of my conscience.

Charitatem ex corde puro; Spem ex conscientia bonâ; Fidem non fictam.

For whosoever desireth his own salvation, let him every day, morning and evening, examine his heart, what either in the

the night or day going before, hath he thought, hath he said, hath he done: And in whatsoever he shall find the spot of any sin, let him mend it; with an effectual purpose to sin no more.

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *It shall hardly be, that such an one shall either sin at his death, or dye in his sin.*

Fix fieri poterit, ut quis moriendo pecces, aut peccando moriatur.

Inter, Amidst these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation:

1. First, *What Death was*, and *the kinds of Death.*

2. Secondly, *What fears or joys Death brings.*

3. Thirdly, *When Death is to be prepared for*, and *How.*

4. Fourthly, *Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.*

Of these things I thus resolved,

That Death was but a fall, which came by a Fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him we we all fell. It was not the man, but mankind. *Cecidimus omnes super acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati sumus*: *We all fell*, saith Saint Bernard, *upon a sharp stone covered with dirt,*

by

by which we were both wounded and defiled; Therefore we needed water in Baptism to wash us, Blood in the Eucharist to heal us; water of Regeneration, in blood of Expiation. Nature's perfection caught a fall when she was young, as *Mephibosheth* did, whereof she hath halted ever since.

This Falling sickness infected not only the Person, but the Nature (such is the infection of evil, always worse than the act) making man, who was immortal, subject to Death. *Ah sad and woful change!*

Notwithstanding, as we now stand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our Rise; the advantage we have by *Christ*, being more than the loss we had by *Adam*: *Redemption* imports *emption*, and a buying back of that which we had lost. Wherefore, Man who had cause to sorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition; and, as he is in Christ, not to change the Man for the Angel.

Proud Nature would fain re-aspire to that it was. *Therefore, let him that standeth take heed lest he fall*: for, Relapse may turn us again to be as Birds and Beasts, who have no joy but Being, no sorrow but Dying. Man's better being is by dying;

Ideo qui stat videat ne cadat.

dying; for when man had made himself miserable by sinning, Mercy made him mortal, lest he should be miserable for ever. Therefore we have reason to account mercy, as it relieves misery, to be the best virtue, though it work upon the worst object. *Mercy dwells nigh to Misery.*

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest be feared, saith the Prophet *David.*

What Death is, and the Kinds of Death.

TO dye is, To be no more unhappy. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, enlivened at first by breath cast upon it.* Death is a Moth, saith *Job.* The Moth breeds out of the garment, Death out of the Body.

Death is but a point of time, interjected between two extreams. A Parenthesis, which (interposed) breaks no sence, when the words meet again. When *Seneca* was asked, What is Death? he answered, *'Tis either the end, or the passage.* to Dye or to Sin, is not power but Impotency. The Emperor *Adrian.*

Quid est Mors?

Aut finis est, aut transitus.

drian was told, *Death is an eternal sleep; the fear of rich men, the desire of poor men.* *Plato* said, *It was Nature's Law, Mortality's Tribute.* One terms it to be, but the cessation of the soul's functions. Oh (saith Saint *Augustine*) *that I could see Death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it! As it hath the dominion of sin, it is the greatest Monarch, and the ancientest King of the World: *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moses*, saith Saint *Paul*, yet at last this King shall be conquered: *The last enemy to be destroyed is Death. O Death, I will be thy death*, saith Christ.

Lex naturæ, tributum mortalium.

The Nature of Death.

WHat is the Nature of Death few know, though all shall feel it. But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause, efficient, but deficient; *There is nothing after death, and death it self is nothing.* It hath no essence; it is no substance, but a privation; no creature, but the burial of the creature. Therefore,

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil est.

fore, Curiously to search the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darkness: *God made it not*, saith the Book of *Wisdom*, *nor is it mentioned as any of his Works.* God that made all things, saw that all things, which he had made were good. Every thing that hath a Being, is good; and every good thing hath a being. Therefore good Saint *Augustine* said finely, *Lord, thou hast not made Death; wherefore I beseech thee suffer not that which thou hast not made, to reign over that which thou hast made.* Yet it is no errour to say, that Man made Death: for, Curiosity (the itch of Man's soul) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evil of Death) thinking it had been good to know evil; by desiring to know it, made it: *Evil is not known but by good.*

Omne Ens bonum est; & Omne Bonum est ens.

Malum non dignoscitur, nisi per bonum.

Natural death is The separation of the Soul from the Body, common unto the good with the bad: for it is a statute-law decreed in the great Parliament of Heaven, *That all men shall once die, forasmuch as all men have sinned.* Hence it is, that many are sick and weak, and die. All men, even the dearest Children of God, (albeit

(albeit their ſins be forgiven) ſhall taſte of the firſt Death; but it is not a curſe, but rather a bleſſing, unto them. It is true, that death in it ſelf (and to the reprobate-wicked) is the curſe of God, the very Suburbs of Hell, and, as it is called here, *The* (Stipend or) *wages of Sin.* Neither is it unjuſt dealing in God, that he ſhould incur the death of his body, who rejected the life of his Soul. But conſidered in Chriſt, and joyned with a good life, to God's elect it is Advantage: nothing elſe but a Bridge, whereby we ſhall paſs from a Valley of Tears, into a Paradiſe of Joys. According to that of *Solomon*, Eccleſ. 7. 3. *The day of Death is better than the day that one is born in.*

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, That he knew enough. But ſo divine a thing is Knowledge, (which is not given to keep, but to impart) that we ſee Innocency it ſelf was ambitious of it.

Life did not content, (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the ſoul looked at. And that, as yet, it begets a ſtudious ſcrutiny to diſcover things we can never know. By which we ſee, that although Nature her ſelf be moderate

derate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiable. Man's brain will never leave working, till his pulse leaves beating; nevertheless, no Man *knows* too much, but it is through ignorance that he *doth* so ill: for, *Nemo sciens, malus est: No man that understands, can be evil*: and, as one saith well, There is now no fear of knowing too much: But there is much fear of practising too little. Man is the son of Desires; but since God hath revealed More than we can know, and Enough to make us happy; let us learn sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the natural man's God; but *know thy self, O man!* and then be proud if thou canst.

The Author of Death.

WHo then was the Author of Death? There are two Great Regents in the World: (*Sol, in Cœlo*;) *The Sun in Heaven*: (*Sal, in Terrâ*;) *Salt in the Earth*: yet neither of these produced it. Who ever was the Father of it, Sin was the Mother; for, saith St. *James*, *Sin being finished, travelleth in Child-birth*, like a Mother, *to bring forth Death*; Our Grand-mother

Evah

Evah, ſo named, as Mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, ſin follows him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sin Death enters. Every Father is an *Adam* to his Child, conveying corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Auguſtine* puts to the Devil this queſtion; *O Satan! Why, being fallen thy ſelf, didſt thou envy Man that he ſhould ſtand?* Death had no intereſt in Man, till Sin had diſpoſſeſſed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was no truſt in God's ſervants*, ſaith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Satan, quare invidiſti homini ſtanti, te cadente?

Therefore, do the Devil right; he did but perſwade, not compel: it was in Man's choice to ſtand or fall.

Adam had received a power to do what he would, but not a will to do what he might; we have received both power to do what we will, and to will what we are able. He a power not to dye, we a power not but to dye. So, Saint *Auguſtine*.

Adam acceperat, poſſe quod vellet, non velle quod poſſet: Nos accepimus, & poſſe quod volumus, & velle quod poſſumus. Ille poſſe non mori, nos non poſſe non mori. Sic Auguſtinus.

Power

Power of ſtanding, Man had from God, but poſſibility of falling from himſelf. Therefore, though we may thank our firſt Parents for our birth-ſin; yet we may thank our ſelves for our improving it. Wherefore the old *Litany* ſaid well, *O Lord, ſave me from my ſelf.*

A me ſalva me, Domine

All Man's virtues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; he abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is Man's nature, ever ſubject to extremity; either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Leſt ye dye*, was a fair warning, but he cared not for it. With Men, counſels are like faces; that which is fair, pleaſes. But, had the Mind governed the Eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was fair to look to.

The proud aſpiring thought was hatcht in man. The Devil was the promoter, Sin was the Author, and we being partners in the ſin, ſhared in the puniſhment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, æquat: Sin equals whom it polluteth.*

Sith then Death by Sin ſtole in at the window of the Eye; (for the Eye, that ſenſe of love, always recoils upon the heart, when

when it beholds that which is pleasing) or rather at the Ear, which is apt to listen to all ill counsel: Let us cast out Sin by the ears, the sense of Faith, in hearkening to God's Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The Name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Our Saviour calls it, A sleep, Our friend *Lazarus* sleepeth. Of Saint *Stephen* it was said, *When he had thus spoken he slept.* *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit.* Joh. 11. 11.

The *Patriarchs* and Kings of *Judah*, are said to *sleep with their Fathers*. *Man* (saith *Job*) *lieth down and riseth not. He shall not be awaked out of his sleep, till the heavens be no more: Transitum ad vitam, aliqui appellant mortem: Some call the passages to life, death*, saith St. *Bernard*: But therefore does Scripture call them *Men asleep*, that they may not despair to awake: *He is not dead*, saith *David*, *but sleepeth, whose flesh doth rest in hope.* *Sed ideò Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè desperemus.*

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Paul's*

Paul's mystery is, *We shall not all sleep; but shall all be changed.* The night savours of mortality; and sleep that short death, is but the shadow of death; and where the shadow is, the body cannot be far off; *Umbra fugit sequentem, sequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus. The shadow flies him that follows it, follows him that flies it. The Earth is obtained by them that fall down upon it.*

Mors brevis.

Well said Saint *Augustine* (b) *The righteous Watch in Life, therefore they are said to Sleep in Death.*

b *In vitâ vigilant justi, sicèd in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper unto Man, He sent a dead sleep upon him. (c) *The sleep of the sick we know is a sign of Health.* It is Christ's saying, *If he sleep, he shall do well.*

c *Somnium egrotantium ut novimus, salutis est indicium.*

But, let it be Death, so called, from Devouring, which our first Parents tasted; or, *Mors à morâ: Death from delay,* which yet tarries not for us, though she wait for us; let her be stiled Lady, Mistress of the world, who will not be courted, nor yet cast off: Yet is she but a voice only, a thing next to nothing,

nothing, to be feared only for the ſound. *Vox tantum mortis eſt, ſola timenda ſono.*

It is better called a Transfiguration or Tranſmigration from one life to another: A departure, not a paſſage: *Tranſitus, quem tranſire non intelligimus, tranſiiſſe ſentimus: A paſſage which we feel gone, but not going.* As the day goeth away, and the ſhadows of the evening are ſtretched out; ſo paſſeth away my Life, even like a vapour that appeareth for a little time.

The Grave grieves me not, becauſe it was my Lord's bed; it is the houſe appointed for the living; It is but a with-drawing Room, to retire in for a while; a going to bed to take Reſt ſweeter than ſleep. And when it is time to riſe, *When I awake, then ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs*, ſaith the Prophet *David*.

Death common to all.

IN the mean time Death is common to all. *Mors etiam Saxis, Nominibuſque venit: Death ſeiſeth upon even Stones themſelves and Names.* All men muſt pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their

their Creditors. It is a favour afforded by Nature, that what she made most grievous, she hath made common; that the equality of Fate might comfort the cruelty of it. At the first minute of thy life thou wert condemned to die; ever since, thou hast been led towards thy execution; thou art not far from the place: Say to thy soul, Arise out of thy bed of sloth, and watch over thy self, look on the Pale Horse, and her that sits thereon, whose name is Death. Provide that thou be not suddenly surprised, and die before thou begin to live. *Who lives, and shall not see death?* Only Virtue stands exempt from death.

Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem faci, consolaretur æqualitas.

The life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his adventure towards future Glory:
For death to finish, who will stick to say,
A glorious ev'n foretels a glorious Day.

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead: Nay, even *Christ* himself, *being found in fashion as a Man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death.* It is as natural to die, as to be born; yet when we say a Man dies naturally, we speak improperly, for a man

man dies not as a beast, by an annihilation of Nature, but by a Law, not by chance, course of Nature, nor influence of Stars, but then and therefore, because it is so appointed: *It is appointed for all, once to dye. Diseases* and *Death* know no faces; in the grave all look alike; *Lazarus*'s sores will make as good dust as *Jezebel*'s paint. It is the municipal Law of Earth, to die once; of Heaven to live for ever; of Hell, to die for ever. We are born, we die. Like *Jonah*'s Gourd, we come up in a night, and are gone in a night; we come into the world with a sheet about us, no sooner born, but going to be buried. *Seneca* says, truly, *We are born crying, we live laughing, and dye sighing.* Death unto the Man of this World is most bitter, but unto the Man of God it is advantage; wherefore the Martyrs and holy Confessors in old time reputed the day of their Death, their Birthday; *Blessed are they that die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.*

For all this, Man is even with Death, *To stay in the body is never desired by any great Wits*: the good soul *endures these streights with*

Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora est.

trouble. Therefore what great thing doth Death in haſtening diſſolution? This ſhews infirmity rather than power. Age doth more. For, *There is nothing which length of time doth not diminiſh.* Death only ſhortens time, not life; for, Life's time ſhortens by lengthening, *Morimur, quòd mortibus vivimus. Morieris; non quia ægrotas, ſed quia vivis. We die, becauſe we live by dying*: and, *Thou ſhalt die, not becauſe thou art ſick, but becauſe thou liveſt.*

Nihil non longa demolitur vetuſtas.

But this all men are to know, that there is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying; I will be prepared for that at all times which may come at any time: I ſhall not haſten my death by being ſtill ready; but ſweeten it, it makes me not die the ſooner, but the better, *Job* 30. 23. Surely, *I know that thou wilt bring me to Death, and to the houſe appointed for all living.*

Life is but a dying Death.

THe *Life of a Chriſtian is or ſhould be a continual meditation of Death.*

Sith then it is a Statute made in Heaven. For

For all once to die, and that life is ſo momentany, death ſo certain, *ſhine we never ſo bright, yet alas, glaſſy bodies as we are*, how quickly are we broken! Man, ſaith the Prophet *Jeremy*, fades like a leaf, and ſin like a wind takes him away. Be the time of Man's reprieve never ſo long, dye he muſt. And ſince life it ſelf is no true living, but a dying Being, and ſuch a Being, as every day pants for breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while; and ſince death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heaven's coming unto us; a departure, not a death: How can a man but think it a well-ſpent life, always to be meditating upon Death? Seeing *his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou haſt appointed his bounds, that he cannot paſs.*

Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm citò frangimur, corpora vitrea!

But, ſaith *Xenophon*, *Why doſt thou think life is to be contemned, and yet loveſt life?* I will not enquire, nor require more of Death, but Death. *Erras qui interrogas, Quid ſit Mors, & Propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid ſupra ſummum. Thou art deceived who askeſt, What is Death, and Why am I to deſire Death? for thou*

Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & amas?

ſeekeſt ſomething beyond the furtheſt.

This I am ſure of, All Man's happineſs here, is his Holineſs; and his Holineſs ſhall hereafter be his Happineſs.

O Father of Mercies! which art willing all men ſhould be ſaved; exclude me not, I beſeech thee, from thy Love and Favour, but ever guide me with thy Spirit in thy ways unto thy Kingdom, that I may ſhun daily more and more pride of life, luſt of the fleſh, immoderate cares. Lord, I am poor in merit, but thou art rich in mercy; feeble, but thou art my ſtrength; halt, but thou canſt direct my ſteps, make me to tread in thy paths uprightly; blind, but thou art the light of the world: ſweet Jeſu draw me, that I may come unto thee, and run after thee; that I may taſte in this life thy Grace, and be filled in the next with thy Glory, Amen.

Life after Death.

BUt if a Man die, ſhall he live again? Yes, ſaith St. *Paul, We that are in this Tabernacle, ſigh and are burthened, becauſe we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.*

Death

Death did not ſtrike *Adam* the firſt ſinful man, nor *Cain* the firſt Hypocrite, but *Abel* the Innocent and Righteous. The firſt ſoul that met with Death overcame Death: The firſt ſoul that parted from earth, went to Heaven. Death argues no diſpleaſure; becauſe he whom God loveth beſt, dies firſt, and the Murderer is puniſhed with Living.

——*Sponte crematur;*
Vt redeat: proprioque ſolet pubeſcere lætho.

——*The Phœnix freely burns,*
And by her own death to new youth returns;
So do thou learn unforced to reſign (ſhine.
Thy body, whoſe chang'd ſhape ſhall brighter

The brighteſt days dye into dark nights, but riſe again a mornings. Though the body ſleep a while in duſt, yet ſhall it riſe again after God's likeneſs. *As for me*, ſaith *David*, *I will behold thy face in righteouſneſs; and I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy likeneſs.* And thus ſaith holy *Job*, *Though my fleſh be all conſumed to bones*, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones, can revive them and couple them again with ſinews, and cloath them with fleſh. The ſoul

which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhall, as Saint *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come again, and be received for ever. The grain caſt into the earth after a Froſt-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was ſown a natural body, ſhall riſe a ſpiritual. Sow in tears, reap in joy: Whoſo goeth forth weeping, carrying precious ſeed, ſhall return with joy, and bring their ſheaves with them.*

Thus we ſee God will be in no man's debt: ſeek God, and proſper.

Here we live but a ſhort day, *Give us this day our daily bread*; but hereafter in the world to come, we ſhall have days, and thoſe good days and great days, even ſuch as have no night.

Caro iſta pulvis erit.

Yet for all this, *This clod of Earth muſt lie a while in duſt, but it ſhall riſe again at laſt*, as a *Queen's Daughter, all glorious within.* For it, in this life, holineſs maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart; what ſhall be the beauty of the body glorified? Surely though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified or perfected and immortalized. *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and faſhioned like unto his glorious body.* Such honour have all his Saints.

If then the change be ſuch, who would not

not be willing, yea glad to die? *All the days of mine appointed time,* ſaith Job, *I will wait till my change ſhall come.*

A man of great buſineſs, does nothing leſs than live: but thoſe whom happineſs ſurchargeth, cry out, They are not afforded time for life. To be content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the mind of a ſtrong Chriſtian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:
Ipſe metus te noſter amat.——

At once we love, and yet we fear to die.
Our very fear loves thee great Deſtiny.

Death deſirable, in what reſpects.

CHriſtus, *non ignarus vel quàm miſera eſſet hæc vita, vel quàm optabilis pretioſæ mors; vitam faſt diebat, mortem verò exopiabat. Chriſt Jeſus, who was neither ignorant of the miſeries of Life, nor how deſirable and precious death is, did loath life, but greatly deſired to dye.* When the Senator *Cato* was asked a queſtion concerning Death, "Should God, *ſaid he,* "grant me ſuch a boon, "as to become young a- "gain, I ſhould ſeriouſly "refuſe it; neither yet "doth it trouble me to

Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut reſenerascam, valdè recuſem: nec me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia bene vixi, nec timeo mori quia ex hoſpitio non domo diſcedam.

" have lived, becauſe I have lived well; nor " do I fear to dye, being to leave not my " by it, but my houſe Inne.

Could we as innocently wiſh our own death as the Saints do the day of Judgment, we might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) but, ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collateral reſpects to our own eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefs, diſcontentments and the like; theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us. *Elias* himſelf was ſo impatient of diſcontents, as he ſat him down under a Juniper-tree, deſiring, that he might dye, ſaying, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am no better than my Fathers.*

It is the ſaying of the *Preacher*. *Death is not to be ſought in the errour of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt; aliquando petendus, nunquam recuſandus: Death is a Haven, ſometimes to be ſought, never to be refuſed.

1. As firſt, That ſo we may betimes leave off to ſin; ſince ſin lives in us, and leaves us not till death; It was the ſaying of *Socrates*, *When Death approacheth, thou groweſt more divine*; If the ſouls under the Altar cry, How

Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multò es divinior.

How long, O Lord? if they ſolicite for the day of Judgment, why not I for my day of Death, ſince Death's day is but the eve of God's day? *Zenon* ſaid, *I have no fear but of old age.*

Secondly, Becauſe the ſoul that ſoon departs *diſpatcheth her journey to Heaven with more eaſe, becauſe ſhe hath contracted leſs dregs and preſſure.* And what's the diſtance 'twixt life and death? So little as, with the Antients, *The Emblem of Life* was, *An open eye; of Death a ſhut one, but not extinct: nor did they imagine any more difference betwixt death and life, than the poor twinkling of an eye is to ſight.* Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyn as near as joy and grief; where tears (the limbeck of the heart) expreſs both.

Fac illis ad Superos iter facit quia minus fecis poſteriſque traxit.

Emblema vitæ Oculus apertus, mortis clauſus, non extinctus: nec plus intereſſe putaverunt, inter mortem & vitam, quam nictum oculi.

3. Thirdly, That ſo we might the ſooner come to live indeed, be in our Countrey, whereas now we are but in the way to it. *Vita præſens non vita eſt, ſed via ad vitam, Preſent life is no life, but the way only to life.* For, when we ceaſe to be Men, we begin to

be Angels. For which cauſe, Saint *Bernard* ſaith, *Præcipitat quiſque vitam ſuam: Futuri deſiderio laborat, præſentium tædio. Every man throws his life headlong from him, labouring with a deſire after the future, and weary of the preſent.*

There are three meſſengers of Death, *Caſualty*, *Sickneſs*, *Age*; the two firſt are Doubtful, ſince many have recovered them both, the laſt is Certain; The two firſt are ſudden, the laſt leaſurely and deliberate. For all men, upon ſo many ſummons, but eſpecially for an old man, it is a ſhame to be unprepared for death; for where others ſee they may dye, he ſees he muſt dye: I was long ago old enough to dye, but if I live till Age, I will think my ſelf too old to live longer.

Yet it is a wonder to ſee how we love the preſent, and leſs eſteem the future.

Men do commonly ſay, *There is no time but the preſent*, let that be true in Time, yet it holds not in Divinity; for Man muſt chiefly mind his ſoul. The preſent is not that which contents the Soul, *He too narrowly pincheth his own joys, that reſteth ſatisfied with what is preſent.* They are only creatures of inferiour nature,

Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit.

nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soul looks beyond this life, *Scrutatur aliquid supra mundum: Futura & Præterita delectant: hæc expectatione, illa recordatione. He pries after something beyond the World: future and past things, both delight him; the former by their expectation, the other by remembrance.*

Whoso feels not a desire in his soul of something beyond his life, is not settled in the point of the immortality of the soul: for in every supernatural man there is imprinted and undeterminable desire of more than what this present life can yield: Therefore we do not determine our contentment in things present; but expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of, *Speranti grandia, mediocria sunt ingrata: To one that hopes after great things, mean ones are unpleasant.* All things tend to their center; the stones, tossed from the earth, borrow wings to their weighty nature to descend beneath where they have their look: Rivers are touched with amorous curiosity to re-visit their mother, the Sea: the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witness they burn with desire only of joyning themselves with their first beginning.

Heaven

Heaven is our Center, why ſhould not we be raviſhed to be there, to joyn as Atoms to their Unity, and as Rays to the body of their Light; To ſhew us the way, from aloft do thoſe Torches of the night, gallantly ſhew us their twinkling baits; they ſhine not to us, but to ſhew us the way of their Azure vaults, as being the only place of our repoſe. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the Firmament ſhews his handy-work.*

The Soul's Excellency.

But what is this Soul, that ſo delights in futures? Though it be ſhapeleſs and immaterial, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and eſſence it is: Lift up thy eyes, O miſerable Soul! Lift up thy dull and drowſie eyes: behold to what end thou wert created! And behold in what condition thou doſt now abide? Thou wert created to be the Spouſe of Chriſt, the temple of God, a Veſſel of election, the throne of the true *Solomon*, even the rich and royal Seat of Wiſdom: *The ſoul is deified*; if ſhe be conſidered in her eſſentiality, ſaith

ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *In her form ſhe is a divine power, in her matter a ſoul.* Her amative virtue unites her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therefore ſaith St. *Ambroſe*, *How beautiful art thou made, O my ſoul, by having ſin aboliſhed in thee! how more beautiful by contemplating this fair and glorious fabrick of the World! but moſt beautiful, by adhering through love unto God.*

Secundum formam eſt Deus, ſecundum materiam eſt anima.

Quam pulchra es, O anima peccata deſtruendo! Pulchrior, mundum contemplando! Pulcherima, Deo amoroſe adhærendo.

She partakes of that good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoul. *Let us make man after our own likeneſs.*

The body, though it hath the honour to be companion with the ſoul, yet it is but her drudge; Chriſtians ſay of the ſoul, That's the Man: the body is but the caſe. Heathens could ſay, The ſoul was *a particle of divine breath.* Some will have it *a Spirit mixt of fire and air*; Others *a ſelf-moving number*; *Seneca* ſaith, *What is the ſoul elſe, but a Deity ſojourning in man's body?*

Divinæ particula auræ.

Quid aliud eſt anima, quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?

dy? Never any could give it such a definition, that either another or himself could conceive it. And no wonder, for its self cannot conceive its own self-excellency, because it suffered a composure before it self was. *Trismegistus* saith, The soul is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortal. It was the life of breath, that gave it the breath of life: therefore admiration rather than search, becomes a man in such a secret: yet so good is God to Man, that wherein we cannot reach him, he commonly descends to us. *Tully* said, *No man could ever perswade me, that our souls, whilst they are in these mortal bodies, live; and when they go forth thence, die.* Saint *Bernard* saith better, *The soul doth not put off her native beauty, but puts on a new one; this is added, but that is not lost.* And yet this spiritual Essence of the soul was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it should not grow proud, as those Angels did that fell.

Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus mortalibus essent, vivere; cum exissent ex iis emori.

Anima non exuit formam nativam, sed superinduit peregrinam; illa addita, ista non perdita.

Let me ever worship the great God of this little God my soul, *and then search no further.*

further. For this is an inquisition, fitter for Angelical intelligence, than Man's shallow capacity.

Only this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a reasonable soul. *Of creatures*, the lowest rank have *no life*, the next *no sense*, the third *no reason*; none but Man hath Grace, nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for the sustentation of his soul; For *The soul is not like the Camelion, to be fed with wind*; It cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the World. She is *so generous*, as nothing but the *chief good*, will satisfie her. St. *Augustine*, in a Comparative betwixt things temporal and eternal, saith thus. "We "love things temporal before we have "them, more than we have them, because "the soul, when she hath them, cannot be "satisfied with them: but things eternal, "when they are actually possessed, are "more loved than when but desired; for "neither Faith could believe, nor Hope ex-"pect, so much as Charity shall find when "Eternity comes in possession.

Anima hominis non est instar Camelionis, ut pascatur vento.

Summum bonum.

There is no soul in the World, how hap-

py ſoever it thinks it ſelf here, but points its apprehenſions beyond what it poſſeſſes here.

He that contemplates theſe things, will bear himſelf too loftily, and think himſelf too good, to look ſo low as theſe ſublunary things: he will deſpiſe *baſe things of earth, as the laughing ſtocks of the World.*

Angustum est animum quem terrena delectant. *That ſoul is too narrow, that is pleaſed with things earthly*; Man only admires *Magnalia Cœli, The great things of Heaven.*

How then can this beauty be p'eaſed to inhabit long *in Contubernio iſto, in this pitiful lodging? bring my ſoul out of priſon*, ſaith *David, that I may praiſe thee. I am not where I am now* (ſaith the Soul.)

As for the body, all it cares, is but for a ſepulture; for although the carcaſe be inſenſible of any poſture or poſition, yet honeſt ſepulture is a bleſſing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of ſuch a gueſt as the holy Ghoſt deſerves this favour.

But becauſe many times the houſes of the dead, and the urned bones do meet with foul hands, for this alſo nature hath provided.

As

As *Mecænas* ſpeaks well,

Nec tumulum quæro: Sepelit Natura relictos.

——I ſeek no Tomb,
Nature ſhall give our bones a burying room.

It is one of the petitions of every good ſoul, *Thy kingdom come*, O Lord: yet (ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*) *This is that we both ſtrive for, and yet reſiſt: who does not go out groaning and grumbling for all this? who is it, that when death comes on, doth not ſhrink back for fear, and weep?* Lord, I am here to wreſtle, not only with fleſh and blood, but with principalities, and powers, and ſpiritual wickedneſs; O take me from theſe tents of *Kedar* into the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, where Satan ſhall be utterly trodden down under my feet: I am here in heavineſs through many afflictions, O receive me into that place of reſt, where all tears ſhall be wiped from my eyes; where there ſhall be no more death, nor ſorrow, but to follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goes.

Et nitimur & reluctamur. Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? quis cum acceſſerit mors, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?

Man's

Man's croſs Nature.

IN all things elſe, obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves; The labourer from his work haſtens to his bed: The Mariner rows hard to gain the Port: The Traveller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inne; yet we, when death comes to put us in our Port, ſhun it as a Rock: we fear what we ſhould wiſh, and wiſh what we ſhould fear. *Abraham*, the Father of the Faithful, at God's command, left his Kindred and went into a ſtrange Land; how willingly ſhould we leave this Countrey, where we are only Strangers and Pilgrims, and deſire to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt, which is beſt of all.

Haſt thou wont, O my Body! when the day hath wearied thee, to lie down unwillingly to thy reſt? Behold in this ſleep there is more quietneſs, more pleaſure of Viſions, more certainty of waking, more chearfulneſs in riſing: why then art thou loth to think of laying off thy Rags and repoſing thy ſelf? Why art thou like a Child, unwilling to go to bed? Haſt thou ever ſeen any Bird, which when the Cage hath been opened, would rather ſit ſtill and ſing within

in her Grates, than fly forth unto her freedom in the woods? Haſt thou ever ſeen any Priſoner in love with his bolts and fetters? Did the chief of the Apoſtles, when the Angel of God ſhined in his Goal, and ſtruck him on the ſide, and looſed his two Chains, and bad him ariſe quickly, and opened both the Wooden, and Iron Gates ſay, What, ſo ſoon? yet a little ſleep? What madneſs had it been, rather to ſlumber betwixt his two Keepers, than to follow the Angel of God into Liberty? Haſt thou ever ſeen any Mariner that hath ſaluted the Sea with Songs, and the Haven with Tears? What ſhall I ſay to this diffidence, O my ſoul! that thou art unwilling to think of reſt after thy toil, of freedom after thy durance, of the Haven after an unquiet and tempeſtuous paſſage? How many are there that ſeek death, and cannot find it, meerly out of the irkſomeneſs of life. Hath it found thee, and offered thee better Conditions, not of immunity of evils, but of poſſeſſion of more good than thou canſt think, and wouldſt thou now flee from happineſs to be rid of it? O ſoul, caſt away every thing, that hindreth thee in thy Journey, that thou mayeſt go lightly to thy heavenly home.

O Father of mercy, who haſt placed us in this world as in the middle between heaven and hell, aſſiſt and ſtrengthen us with thy Spirit to the end that we may be found blameleſs in the end: Lord, make us here thy ſubjects in the Kingdom of Grace, that hereafter we may be thy Saints in the Kingdom of Glory, *Amen.*

Man's better Choice,

It often to call to mind the happineſs of good men, the calamity of the evil, and the vanity of the worldly man. Hear, O Chriſtian! what the *Pagan* ſaith. *Quidvis non timeat, qui ſperat, mori? How cannot he chuſe, but not to fear to die, who hopes to die?*

It is harder to make a true Philoſopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic ſpe mortis patienter dolet.
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur.
Hunc fert illam expectat.
Expecta, mors tardè, ſed tamen venit.

This man in hopes of death mourns quietly.
And tir'd with grief, as willingly would dye.

Ex-

Expecting death he ſinks not under woe;
For, wait a little, death comes ſure though ſlow.

Have God in thy mind all the days of thy life, let this alſo be written in thy mind, Vertue ſhall ſee God, he that lives well is a true Chriſtian, yea rather an Angel. Meditate we at all hours, of the hour of our departure out of this life, according to that of the Wiſe man, *Remember thy later end, and thou ſhalt never do amiſs.*

Therefore ſaid Saint *Paul*, *I am in a ſtrait betwixt two, whether to live in the fleſh were profitable for me; and which to chuſe wot not.* Yet at laſt reſolved, *Live or dye, Chriſt* was to him *advantage. Woe is me, how long have I ſtayed! alas, how late do I come, how ſlowly do I haſten, O my God! the Sun of my life hath paſſed his meridian, and I am now in the afternoon of my age; the night of Nature will come ſoon upon me, when Death as God's Sergeant will arreſt my body upon debt due to Nature, my Soul upon treſpaſs committed againſt God; the one he will bind hand and foot, and commit cloſe priſoner to the Grave; the other he will arraign in the high Court of Heaven, where God ſhall be both Party and Judge to anſwer all Objections, as well of Ignorance as of Contempt.* Therefore

Therefore *to be looſed and to be with Chriſt*, was beſt of all.

Till then, God grant that I may have *life as the object of my patience, but death of my deſire.*

So ſhall I fulfil my courſe with joy: when Life is not dear to me, nor Death grievous.

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times both Wiſe men, Great men and Mean men, had Death in ſuch eſtimation, and ſo undervalued Life, as that they fondly ſaid, Had Man been worthy to know what Life was, before he received it, he would have been loath to accept it; *Nemo vitam acciperet, ſi daretur ſcientibus. No man would take Life, did he know what is given him.* Life would have kept us in ſlavery, but that Death frees us. The Heathen-gods held death to be Man's *Summum bonum, chief good:* Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*; asking of *Apollo*, for his recompence, that thing which was beſt for man; the Oracle bad him go home, and within three days he ſhould have it; with-

in

in which time, he dyed. They accounted Death but the retreat of Life, *Optimum naturæ Inventum, Mors: The best discovery of nature*: For by it every man might make himself happy, no man be longer miserable than he will; *Does life please thee? live still: Does it not please? thou mayest return thither, whence thou camest.* They thought no state miserable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, say they, a wise man lives but so long as he should, not so long as he can.

Placetne vita? vivet Non placet? licet eò reverti, unde venisti.

If death were not in our power, we should desire it more than now we fear it. *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refused to do his Office, unless he had twelve *Drachms* payed him in hand; *Phocion*, lest death should be put to attendance, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Even at Athens (said he) *men might not dye cheaply.* Reason, the Mistress of all things, taught them, that common safety lay in death; And *he that saves a man against his will, does no*

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet.

Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.

less

leſs than he that kills him. Life is ſubject to many misfortunes; But, *In eo qui ſcit mori, nil poteſt Fortuna*: *Fortune cannot harm him, that knows how to dye.* This made them cheriſh theſe deſperate conceits, That it *made no matter, whether a man cauſed his own end, or received it*; thinking it bravery to uſe miſchief for a remedy. Though Life be not, yet Death is at a man's command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt, quàm velle*: *Death is no more but to be willing.* In which reſpect no man could complain of life, because it *binds no man.* If any man did complain this was their wiſh.

Nil referre, faciatve finem an recipiat.

Vita neminem tenet.

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſubducere nollet;
Sed Virtus hanc ſola daret.———

O that Death would not Life from Cowards take,
But that the prize of valour only make.

In ſcorn ſome have ſaid, *Egóne expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis? cum poſſim medio exire tormento, & adverſa diſcutere? What ſhall I wait, for either the cruelty of a diſeaſe, or of a man; when as I can in the height*

height of my torment go off at my pleasure, and throw off all adversity? But their braveſt conceit was worſe, that it was *a generous kind of death*, for a man to be author of his own death. If it be permitted to deſire death, why is it ill to give it to themſelves?

To maintain this by Reaſon, as well as Courage; this was their aſſertion; Death was natural, therefore welcome any way. *He could have no mind to live, who had none to dye*: He is ſorry that he was a Man, that is not glad to dye. It is inevitable, therefore we muſt be reſolute, *Bear well, not blame, what cannot be avoided.* Fools fly it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it. Nay, ſome ſo prided themſelves in this way, that, for care, fear, or grief, they they would not dye; *I will not lay hands upon my ſelf for any grief*: Nor yet, for Fear: *'Tis a fooliſh thing to dye for fear of death*; nor yet through threats of torments. *To dye ſo, is to be vanquiſh'd*: But if ſo be their fortune began to grow

Vivere noluit, qui mori non vult.

Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non eſt.

Non inferam mihi manus, propter dolorem.

Stultum eſt, timore mortis, mori.

Sic mori, Vinci eſt.

Si nulla occurrebant molestia, tranquillitatem turbantia, &c.

doubtful, and *if many troubles appeared, disturbing their peace*, then it was fortitude to dispatch themselves; How, or with what it mattered not.

A way was soon opened to a great liberty, with a little Pen-knife, and by one prick thereof full safety secured, (said *Seneca*, when he bled to death.)

Scalpellum aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securitas constat.

Cato will dye, because the Commonwealth declined; *Nerva*, because the Laws were not kept; *Silvianus*, because he would not live at the mercy of his Enemy: *Lucretia*, to cover a dishonour. Thus may Folly do that which Nature cannot defend.

But, *Where are the disputers of the world,* saith St. *Paul?* Others thought Death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Justice took it. For defence of a man's Countrey, Laws or Religion, men might *lay down their lives*; but not for ostentation, in discontentment. *'Tis good to dye a man's own natural death.* Yet some will

Ponere animas suas.

Bona res est, mori sua morte.

will dye for wantonneſs, if they want their Wills.

——*Sed furor eſt, Ne moriare, mori.*

But this is madneſs, certainly;
That thou maiſt not dye, for to dye.

Life was given Man, to manage it to the utmoſt. Having but the uſe of our lives, we are bound to husband them to the beſt advantage. Every one is here ſet Centinel, and not to leave the place, till his Captain call him off. *That is not the beſt death which pleaſeth, but which becomes me.* That death is beſt, which was well recollected, quietly ſuffering what it could not poſſibly prevent.

Non eſt optima quæ placet, ſed quæ decet mors.

It is not enough to dye with a Roman courage; nor to be as reſolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæſar*, He feared his pardon more than the pain he threatned: Nor yet, that the cauſe of death be juſt; but it muſt be alſo neceſſary, unſought, inevitable.

But to let go this diſcourſe, my Contemplation lies another way.

Only this let me ſay, Divines need not be aſhamed to wear the Jewels and the

Ear-rings of Egyptians; they are in many things ſo full of luſtre, and ſo excellent.

Man in this World lives by appointment, and God for his own purpoſes makes Life ſweet, and Death terrible. *Emori nolo; mortuum me eſſe non curo.* Many there are, that fear not ſo much to be dead, as to dye. *Aſſiduè variatur Homo, per adverſa & proſpera: neſcit, quando moriatur. Man is continually changing betwixt good and evil, and knows not when he ſhall dye.*

To labour not to dye, is labour in vain: To live without fear of Death, is to dye living. *A ſecure life is a dead Sea.*

Secura vita, eſt mare mortuum.

This let a wiſe man do; *Quod neceſſe eſt, ne timeat: Quod incertum eſt, ſemper expectet. Let him not fear what muſt needs be, and let him expect ever what may be.* But he neither fears nor feels death, that hath his Hopes in Heaven.

Zenon was wont to ſay. There was no Happineſs but *Life*, it introducing eternity; no unhappineſs but living long, it prolonging miſery: for the beſt condition of it was but a variety of vanity. Wherefore, as life was welcome, ſo age was to him fearful: The moſt afflicted men, draw comfort,

comfort, from the hopes of Death; Therefore

Seek not conſolation againſt Death; but let Death be thy conſolation. *Comforter*, is his Name: In Death there is comfort againſt Death. *Mortem optare, malum; timere, pejus:* *'Tis evil to pray for Death, but 'tis worſe to fear it.* But, to make Death eaſie, look thorough Death at Glory; think not ſo much of Death, as of the Glory that follows it; at the worſt,

Death doth not take away life, but removes it for the better: Life gives way to Death, and makes way for it. If it be ſharp for the time; *Puer es, ſi mavis manere inſanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram: Thou art but a Child, if thou hadſt rather continue ſick, than take unpleaſant Phyſick.* A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter Pill, to gain health. The Phyſician helps us not without pain, and yet we reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *Death*, *From ſix troubles it delivereth, Et in ſeptimâ non tanget te malum, and in the ſeventh*, that is, at the point of death, *no evil ſhall touch thee: Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.* Fit your ſelf for it, and you will never fear it. Do by it as you do in other

Mors non aufert vitam, ſed in melius transfert.

things; when you would go to ſleep, you put off your Cloaths, you draw the Curtains, put out the Candle, and go to Bed; thus as it were acting ſleep, before ye go to ſleep: So addreſs your ſelf to death: *Man lieth down, and riſeth not till the heavens be no more*: O that thou wouldſt hide me in the Grave! that thou wouldſt keep me ſecret: and then, as the Father ſaith,

Death begins reſt to them whom God doth love:
Tis Heaven's Ladder, Gate to Life above:

Bring your ſelf acquainted with death, that when it comes, it may come, *not as an Enemy, but as a Gueſt*; not as a Foe, but as a Friend; not as a Stranger, but as a Gueſt that you had long looked for: and bid death welcome, more bleſſed than your birth.

Non ut hoſtis, ſed ut hoſpes.

Thus did *Solomon* upon his Throne, extol his Coffin above his Crown. What a grief then is it to ſee great men in theſe days build Houſes of that ſtrength and ſtate, as if they ſhould always live, and yet ſo live, as if they had but mortal ſouls? like the old *Romans*, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues, and in Marble Monuments. *The old*

old Fathers lived in Caves; *Cain* firſt built a City on Earth, but loſt Heaven; *I dwell in Cedars, but God's Ark remains under Curtains*, was *David's* grief.

It is good counſel, *Get familiar acquaintance with death, that when thy Death ſhall happen, thou mayeſt go forth glad and chearful to meet it.* Though Death be terrible, yet Innocency is bold. Death doth not complement with the honourable perſon, but uſeth him as coarſly as the baſe. *Mors æquo pede pulſat, pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres: Death knocks as well at a Princes Pallace, as a Poor man's Cottage*; Wiſe men dye, as well as Fools.

Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut poſſis, cùm fors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam exire.

As the thought of Death daunts an ill liver; ſo it makes a good man more humble, more wary, and more fruitful. Yet do not as the Dudliſts and gallants of the times do, [go into the field to ſeek death, and find honour:] Swift *Aſahel*, had he gone but ſlowly, might have overtaken death, but he runs to fetch it; ſo do Combatants in theſe days. *Infelix victoria; cùm vitio ſuccumbit victor: Aut morieris pro homicidio, aut vives homicida. Where 'tis an unhappy victory: For the Conqueror does baſely ſubmit*

to ſin; and thou ſhalt either dye for Murder, or live a Murderer. Nor do, as the wits of the time do, put a ſcorn upon Death; and, to be accounted good company, dare abuſe God, deſpite death, and talk prophanely; yet no man, for offending good fellowſhip muſt reprove them: To be bitterly witty in invectives, pleaſes: and to have brain enough to be a *Timon*, ſeems a jolly thing: but in theſe caſes, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, it is a fault not to find fault; *For as wicked diſcourſe leads into ſin, ſo does ſuch ſilence leave a man in it*: A man may be mannerly in the form, but muſt be round in the matter; for a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendſhip, than by a round reproof of his friend upon ſuch an occaſion.

Nam quemadmodum malus ſermo ducit in peccatum, ſic ſilentium relinquit in peccato.

One ſaith well, *Sin doth ill in the eye, but worſe in the tongue*: *I know not*, ſaid another, *whether the maintenance of the leaſt evil be not worſe than the commiſſion of the greateſt*: *For this may be of frailty, that argues obſtinacy.* Likewiſe, prophane ſpeeches, how ſharp ſoever, are ever hateful to a good ear. Wherefore play not the wanton with Heaven, take no part with wit againſt godlineſs; ſuch air poyſons goodneſs, and brings ſadneſs at the laſt. *Seneca,*

Seneca, obſerving that ill men in their converſation, and good men in their prayers, made over-bold with God; gave this counſel: *So deal with men, as if God ſaw thee; ſo ſpeak to God, as if men heard thee.* But, ſay the Good-fellows of the World, *Let God be diſpleaſed, rather than thy friend diſtaſted.* Let us enjoy our ſelves; To what elſe ſerves the fulneſs of our fortunes?

Offendatur Deus, ne contriſtetur amicus.

But he counſels better who ſaith, *Temperanda eſt felicitas mundi, meditatione mortis; ut vinum, aquâ diluitur.* *The happineſs of the world is to be tempered with the remembrance of death, as wine is with water*; Such an allay proſperity requires.

To this end good *Joſeph* of *Arimathæa* built his Sepulchre in his Garden: *Saul* is no ſooner anointed King, but was ſent to *Rachel*'s Sepulchre: Some Philoſophers had their graves always open before their gates; that going out and coming in, they might always think of death: For, in life they found comforts to be rare, croſſes frequent, pleaſures momentany, pains permanent.

In this World we are all *Benonies*, the Sons of ſorrow; the way to Heaven is by

weeping-croſs. The Kalender tells us, we come not to *Aſcenſion-Day*, till the *Paſſion-Week* be paſt.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.

All thoſe proud ſtrifes that break great ſpirits peace,
Throw but a little duſt on them, will quickly ceaſe.

It is obſerved, that moſt of other creatures live long; but dying, periſh all to nothing. Therefore ſome complain of *Nature*, that ſhe hath given too long a life to a *Raven*, and too ſhort a life to *Man*. Man that is ſhort-lived, yet, he dying, dives eternally: Think but of this, and you will think as Saint *Bernard* did, that *Life were little better than Hell, were it not for the hope of Heaven.*

Surely Chriſt would not have died, but that we may die in ſafety: He, *by* death, *in* death, delivered us *from* death.

And, Did Chriſt die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore deſire to live long from him. Who would not go out of himſelf, to go to God? It

It is a token of little love to God, to be loath to go to God. All Men go willingly to see him, whom they love. *Our Brother* Joseph *liveth*; therefore, though with *Jacob* I cannot say, *I will go see him before I dye*; Yet, Lord, let me dye, that I may see him whom my Soul loveth. Living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, left *difficulties* and *delights* hinder our resolutions:

Difficulties should not hinder: for, since *Adam*'s fall, none passes unto Paradise, but by burning Seraphims; we cannot go out of *Egypt*, but through the Red Sea of Afflictions. The Children of *Israel*, before they came to *Jerusalem*, took in their way the Valley of Tears; and crossed the swift River *Jordan*, before they came to the sweet waters of *Siloam*.

Pleasures may hinder; For, even good Saint *Augustine* was once of that mind, that he would not leave present pleasures for future hopes; but afterwards said with sor-

It is a shame to live deliciously, when as Christ lived dangerously. Moses when he came to years, refused to be called the Son of *Pharaoh*'s daughter, chusing rather to suffer affliction with

Pudeat vivere in deliciis, cum Christus vixit in periculis.

God's

God's Children, than to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon.

Proſperous fortunes many times hinder a chearful dying; But this petulant World muſt be left: The vain pride of man befools him, and eaſily carries him to ridiculous affectations: But conſcience of ſin muſt not be exchanged for ſenſe of pleaſure. To labour in conquering Vice, is the greateſt pleaſure we ſhould take. The holy man exclaims, *O quàm multi ſunt, qui mundum damnant; & tamen pauci relinquunt! Alas, how many are there that rail at the world, and how few that leave it!* Every Senſe about us, upon the leaſt temptation, is a Traitor to the Soul. The Body it ſelf, if you ſet too high a price upon it, will make a cheap Soul. *Our care for the body is great, and our careleſneſs of the ſoul no leſs.* A man may be as happy in Ruſſet, as in Tiſſue; and he is an unhappy man, whoſe out-ſide is his beſt ſide: Vile is Nature, in her beſt dreſs. It was good Counſel of the Preacher; *Care not for glorious apparel, but apparel your ſelf with glory.* A ſpruce Roman riding on a lean Jade, was asked by the Cenſor his reaſon; he anſwered, *I look to my ſelf, my man to my horſe.* So vain men look

Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria.

look to their bodies, look who lift to their ſouls. Saith *Stella*, *'Tis a great abſurdity, that the Miſtris ſhould play the Hand-maid, and the Hand-maid command.*

Dominam ancillari, & ancillam dominari, abuſio eſt.

Alſo, High Fortunes lead men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countrey-man doth; who when he comes to Court, ſoon ſhakes off his Clowniſh tricks, and gets a civil behaviour: *Mundum cum ſuis frivolis: The World with all its trifles*, a good man muſt contemn.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and eſpecially take heed where you live; for the very place of pleaſure is dangerous. In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe he was a good man. *Adam* was ſet upon in Paradiſe, *Job* on the Dunghill; yet was *Job*, *fortior in ſtercore, quam* Adam *in Paradiſo: ſtronger on the Dung-hill, than* Adam *was in Paradiſe*; We are no *Davids* now a-days, therefore let us not be too venturous; *David*, when he had ſeen the magnificence and ſtate of the Court, yet thought never the worſe of his retired life, but loved his Hook the better: and when afterwards he came from keeping

ſheep

Ποιμένα λαῶν. ſheep, to be a *ſhepherd of men*, he changed his ſtate without change of his diſpoſition. But this is not our condition now adays; we are more for our *ſheep*, than our *ſouls*. Man is the ſon of deſires: but judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceivable vizors: Under the fair face of life lurks grief, under the foul feature of Death (which is but fancy) lies Felicity. Take off the Mask, and you will change your mind; loath that you loved, love that you loathed.

VITA habitu caſto, cum non ſit caſta videtur: MORS, preter cultum, nil meretricis habet.

Life, though ſhe be not chaſt, would fain ſeem ſo: And Death hath nothing whoriſh but the ſhew.

The kinds of Death.

THe kinds of Death as of Life are two; one bodily, the other ſpiritual:

Bodily life is, the conjunction of Body and Soul; bodily death is, the ſeparation of body and ſoul. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life: The firſt, in this life,

life, when Christ lives in him: The second, when his body returns to earth, and his soul to God that gave it: The third at the end of the World, when body and soul reunited, shall enjoy Heaven.

So likewise a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in sin, while he lives; Dead in soul, when he dyes; Dead in bo- and soul, when both shall be adjudged to eternal condemnation. *Malis sit Mors sine morte; Finis sine fine; Defectus sine defectu: Mors vivit: Finis semper incipit; desicere Defectus nescit. Evil men dye a death that never dyes: An endless end. A decay that never decays. Because their death lives, and their end always begins, and their decay knows not to decay.*

On the other side, To the faithful, death is but the finishing of his mortification, and burying of his sin.

Freedome by Death.

THe freedomes we have by death, are many.

1. *First*, It frees from all worldly injuries. Here good men do but live and suffer:

fer: *Benè agere, & Malè pati: To do well, and suffer ill*; that's their portion. Sufferings are greater tryals than actions; but they prepare to happiness: *It is good for me that I have been afflicted*, saith *David*. *He that does not feel evil, is no man; he that cannot bear them, is a woman*: But what are momentany afflictions to an eternal weight of glory?

Non sentire mala, non est hominis; non ferre, non est viri.

2. *Secondly*, it ends all misery. Death is a privative good, putting a period to all ill. *Man in misery*, saith *Job*, *longs for death, and digs for it more than treasure.* Death is but an end, not a pain: Nay, saith one, it is neither end nor pain; but, ——*Bonis lex est, non pœna, perire. To good men, a law rather than a punishment.* It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and from making Brick in *Egypt*.

It ends sin, not Life: It reforms, but doth not destroy Nature. *Vitiorum est Sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio, Mors. Death is a burial of vices, but a resurrection of virtues.*

3. *Thirdly*, it frees from all corporal Infirmities.

Death

Death is the disbanding of all griefs. It putteth the ſoul into the full poſ- *Mors omnium dolorum ſolutio.*

ſeſſion of all the inheritance and happineſs, which Chriſt hath either promiſed in his Word, or purchaſed for thee by his Blood. Life it ſelf is a diſeaſe, and we dye by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners. Whoſo thinks to heal all infirmities with an eaſier plaiſter than Death, *Delinimenta potius quàm remedia, podagræ ſuæ ponit: Applies rather flatteries to his gout than remedies.*

4. *Fourthly*, it frees us from all bodily labours: Man is the ſubject of the Earth by Labour, of Heaven by Suffering. The *Spirit* ſaith, *Bleſſed are they that die in the Lord, they reſt from their labours.* [*Adeò juvat occupatum, mori.*] [*So pleaſant is it to a buſie man to dye.*] Here I have labour without reſt, there I ſhall have reſt without labour: In this Reſt, perfect tranquility; in this tranquility, contentment; in this contentment, joy; in this joy, variety; in this variety, ſecurity; in this ſecurity, eternity: So to reſt, to riſe, to reign, what more to be wiſhed?

5. *Fifthly*, It eaſes us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries animæ, Mors. It is refection*

fection to the ſoul: Were we but in a throng, we would think that man at eaſe, who gets out firſt. *Noah*, when he had been toſſed but a year upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladſome place; ſo likewiſe miſerable man, after many wearisome years, toſſed up and down the world as in a troubled ſea, will be glad of death, as of a Mount *Ararat*, a reſting place for his tired ſoul.

Old *Chauſer*'s Epitaph is a good one: *Death is the repoſe of cares.* The long-ſick man wrote upon his grave-ſtone; *Here I ſhall be well.* In war we often relieve the watch: Life is a Warfare, yet hath no relief but Death.

Mors erumnarum requies.

Hic ero ſanus.

6. *Laſtly*, Death doth us none of the leaſt pleaſures, in freeing us from phantaſms and vain pleaſures; For, *In pleaſures, our chaſtity is endangered; in buſineſs, our piety; our truth, in much ſpeech; our charity, in things worldly.* And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency (for God loves to ſee his creatures happy;) but commonly, *The pleaſures of the body, are the poyſons of the ſoul:* A Man ſmothered in Roſes, meets with Death, though in ſweetneſs; *Delicatas mentes*

mentes enervat felicitas. Prosperity cuts the the sinews of delicate spirits. In vain mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladness in laughter; for, *Res est severa, Gaudium: True joy is a serious matter*: The only object of true joy is GOD; *In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed me, and do delight my soul*, saith *David*.

As *Jacob* served seven years for *Rachel*, and it seemed to him but a few days for the love which he did bear to her; So let me esteem both the time short, and the pains sweet, in serving to enjoy thee, O Lord my God.

Delight in pleasures, and you shall find your greatest pleasures become your bitterest pains. *Miser homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet: What a sad wretch is this poor man, whose very joy is not innocent?*

But cherish that Syntheresis, (the natural power in the soul) that will stir you up to a chearfulness in goodness; *Ne quæras Deum in hortis & pascuis Deliciarum*: Moses *Eum invenit in spinis, & afflictione vitæ. Seek not God in the gardens and green meadows of pleasures*: For Moses *found him in the thorns and roughness of life.*

A man, whose soul is conversant with God,

God, shall find more pleasure in the desart, and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affairs of Nature; even Princes must dye: *I have said, Ye are gods, but ye shall dye like men.*

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death, are *First*, Fulness of Grace which here we have but in part; *Vivere volunt homines, ut perfecti sint: Mori velint, & perfecti sunt. Men are willing to live, that they may be perfect: Let them be willing to dye, and they are perfect.* Here we have but *the earnest of the Spirit*, there we shall have *our reward. Sit ye on my right hand* will be our welcome. Here men's regeneration is never accomplished; by Death, it is fully perfected.

Secondly, Perfection of Glory, *Now I know but in part; but then, I shall know as I am known: now, I see darkly, as in a glass; then, shall I see face to face*; There shall be new Heavens, and new Earth; the World shall be made better, not Nothing; *Suscipit melioracionem, non interitum. It receives a bettering, not a destruction. Old things are*

passed

passed away: behold, saith Saint *Paul*, *all things are become new. There shall be no more any infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days*, saith *Isay*. The heavens you behold shall be super-invested with new endowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saints departed. *We shall be Participes, non tantum spectatores gloriæ; sharers, not only spectators of glory*: enjoy with these eyes *that blessed Vision*; joy unspeakable, and full of glory: And this joy, saith Saint *John*, *No man shall take from us.*

Thirdly, Inseparable fellowship with Christ: *They follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth.* There we shall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *I will marry thee to me*, saith the Prophet. Those favours and love-tokens, I have here received, do but inflame, not satisfie; and these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loath to depart to him, that gave me them. *Meritricius est amor, plus annulum quàm Sponsum amare. It is the love of Whores, more to value the Gold ring, than the Bridegroom.*

Lastly, It brings me (where I would be) into my own *Countrey*, into *Paradise*, where I shall meet (not, as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones*, & *Scævolas*; But)

Abraham

Abraham, *Isaac* and *Jacob*; the *Patriarchs*, my fathers; the *Saints*, my brothers; the *Angels*, my friends; my wife, children and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and do attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* saith; We are met in mount *Sion* the City of the living God, and Celestial *Jerusalem*, in the company of innumerable Angels, where things that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us, and all that fear God. There is none can fill the mind of man, but the blessed Trinity; when God the Father, the most Ancient of days, shall fill our memories; God the Son, who is Wisdom it self, our understanding; God the Holy Ghost, who is Contentation and Love, shall Sit in our wills: Then all the powers of our mind will be at rest, when as they shall enjoy Him who made them.

Therefore I will say, Lord, When shall I come and appear before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brooks, so pants my soul for thee, O God! I had rather be a door-keeper in thy house*, than dwell here, though in Chambers of pleasure: And know this, that glory follows grace; If little Grace be here, less will be the Glory hereafter.

Touch-

Touching the Second General Division.

II.

The fears or joys that Death brings.

The fears of Death.

ALL *fear is grievous, The King of fears,* is Death; for nothing is absolutely fearful, but what tends to Death. *The living Dog,* saith *Solomon, is better than the dead Lyon.* The baseſt life excels the beſt bare Being. Naturally men fear Death, because it ends Being, which Nature would preserve. *All grief ariseth from Love.* Rachel *mourned for her Children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.* Very not-being is sufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not Being. *Timor est dolor.*

Christians were wont to be of that courage, that they feared nothing but Sin; saying

ing to the Law, Thou haſt no power over me, for God the Father hath ſent his Son to redeem me from thy bondage; thou doſt accuſe, terrifie, condemn in vain, for I will creep into the hole which bloody *Longinus* made with his Spear in my Saviour's ſide, there will I hide my ſelf from all my foes; I will plunge my conſcience in his wounds, death, victorious Reſurrection, glorious Aſcenſion. *Timuit mortem* Petrus, *& negavit Chriſtum. Saint* Peter *feared death, and this made him deny Chriſt.* But why ſhould a man fear death, that doth but reſtore him to Him that made him. *Timeat mortem, qui Deum non timet. Let him fear death, that does not fear God.* Fears (as all paſſions) do diſquiet the heart; Yet juſt fear breeds but care, and fear mixt with faith, ſolicites unto goodneſs; but diſtruſtful fear, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtful.

But, *Sunt qui Deum nec timent, nec ſperant. There are ſome, who neither fear God, nor truſt in him.* Theſe Men are deſperate; they go on, and ſhut up a careleſs life with a diſconſolate death. Fear of death is commonly the effect of an evil. Fear vice, eſpecially in age, leſt, the nearer you come to death, the farther you go from life. The *Convert* ſaid well; *Periiſſem, niſi periiſſem. I had periſhed, but that I did periſh.* It

It is true: The name of Death to moſt is fearful; yet, *The train of death affrights more than death it ſelf.* Groans, Convulſions, diſcoloured faces, theſe ſhew death terrible; becauſe God loves at firſt to make way for himſelf by terrour, but at laſt conveys himſelf to us in ſweetneſs. And what trouble can Fear breed, when that which is feared is a Favour?

Pompa mortis magis terret quàm ipſa mors.

That *Philoſopher* is not to be followed, who, to prepare himſelf the better for death, did ſet forth death moſt fearfully; nor yet is that *Emperour* to be praiſed, who ſo little eſteemed death, as he dyed in a complement.

The fear of death is worſe than the pains of death; *The fear of death is worſe than it ſelf*; becauſe fear of death kills us *often*, where death it ſelf can do it but *once*. And when that is done, ſaith *Job*, *the Womb will forget thee, and the worms feed ſweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miſerable or fooliſh, than always to Fear. The *Philoſopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitterneſs, men would run to it with deſire and indiſcretion. Therefore, *Et mortem concupiſcentes,*

& eandem timentes, æquè objurgat Epicurus: Epicurus *doth equally reprove those that desire death, and those that fear it.*

It is the life ſhould not be troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much fear; becauſe fears betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccours which Reaſon would afford to both: But he is more ſorrowful than is neceſſary; that is, ſorrowful before there be neceſſity. Nor will I ever think my ſoul in good caſe, ſo long as I fear to think of dying. When the Prince of Life was under the Arreſt of Death, then Death's ſeeming Victory was terrible: But now, *O Death! where is thy Sting? O Grave! where is thy Victory?*

Fears multiply evils, Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh that *death would rather fall on them at once, than hang always threatning over them*; becauſe nothing is ſo painful, as to dwell long under the expectation of ſome great evil. Of themſelves, the pains of death are only throws of travel, that bring forth joys in ſuffering pains.

By *Death the ſoul is diſcharged, the body diſſolved; the one rejoyceth for her liberty, the other feels not that ſhe is aſunder.*

The Heathen man could ſay, *I believe not,*

for

for my part, that there is any punishment to any after Death: But say there were; yet, What is it to death, and what shall be after death? If there be any fears in death! *Quare juvenes non timent fieri senes? Why do young men not fear to become old men?* But it is the nature of Fear, to make Dangers greater, Helps less than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him, that his dear and only Son was dead: Said he, *I know I begot a mortal.* The Son's condition satisfied the Father's passion. *Scio me genuisse mortalem.*

There is no such gentle removal of grief, or life's discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that man either live at ease, or yet contentedly; who lives continually in fear of death. *Let us never fear what we shall suffer when we are dead, if we have committed no fearful thing while we lived.*

In learning to live, study how to dye. We take great care to bestow our time well while we live; but he loses all his time, that knows not how to end his time. *Nothing more miserable, than not to know how to dye.*

Socrates, disputed concerning death un-

til he dyed. When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they settled themselves to sleep; when they awaked, and found themselves upon the stroke of execution, all they said was; *Life is given for a punishment, death for a remedy.* Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortal wounds made the sufferers immortal. *He cannot live, that dares not dye.* There is no man so valiant as the Believer.

It was a proverb amongst the Heathen, *Only Christians were true despisers of death.* *Zenon*'s word was, *'Tis a hard thing to put off man*; but off he must.

Difficile est hominem exuere.

It is true, Fear of death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakness; yet fears be not always ill symptoms before death, nor in death. At that instant Nature will reluct to keep still her Being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleading.

But neither Life nor Being are alike to all men: To an ill man; *Non nasci, Optimum Malo: The best had been, Not to have been.* His next best was, to live long. It was ill with him that he was born, worse that he must dye. Therefore, not being sure of a better life, he would fain make much of this.

this. He is conscious to himself, that this dying life will bring him to a living death; yet thinks *whilst I breath, I hope*; and so flutters, *Inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum: Nolit vivere, nescit mori*; *Betwixt fear of death, and terrour of life; unwilling to live, and ignorant to dye.* *Dum spiro, spero.*

A good man is otherwise minded; he counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *What is this man's life*, but *dye to the Lord.* His word is, *Cum exspiro, spero*; *When I breathe out my soul, I draw in hope*: My body only lived, *by breathing*; my soul lives *by hoping*; when his breath fails him, his hope faints not. *He lived patiently, he dyed delightfully.* To this man, *to dye as soon as he can*, is his desire; therefore he saith to his soul, *Why art thou cast down, O my soul! Why art thou so disquieted within me? Wait on God.*

The difference of Souls, as well in dying, as living.

SOul and Soul are differenced in *dying*, as well as in *Being*. The Atheist dares not dye, for fear of *not-being*; The ill liver

dares not die, for fear of *evil being*; the doubtful Conscience dares not dye, *by not knowing*, whether he shall not be, or be damned: Only the good man dares and desires to dye; he is assured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I fear, when I know in whom I believe?* said the holy Martyr. *I am thy Salvation*, said the Saviour of man.

Could death end misery, the greatest happiness a wicked man would wish, were the act of death: But his Conscience will not let him lye; he knows the end of his present miseries, is the beginning of worse; yea, such as death it self cannot terminate: for, that would be happiness enough, had he hope there would be an end at the last of his misery.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good? *As the Tree falleth, so it lyeth.* As death leaves him, so Judgment shall find him.

There was neither death nor life, but had some good in it, could he have seen it. In life there was some ease, in death an end; But *in Hell* there is neither ease nor end.

Prima mors, animam dolentem pellit de Corpore: The first death drives the sad soul out

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of the body. Secunda mors, animam nolentem tenet in Corpore: The second death holds the unwilling soul in the body.

There is no *Platonick year*, nor year of Jubilee in this place. *Annus Platonicus.* Could we therefore forethink what bitter pains our sweet sins will cost; we would be provident, we durst not but be innocent.

But foolish men give away their souls for nothing: yet those that would not fear for love, shall tremble for fear; and find, though too late, How much prevention is better than confusion. In the sense of pain and horrour of conscience, they will one day cry. *O all you that pass by, see and behold, if ever any sorrow was like my sorrow, wherein the Lord afflicted me in the day of his fierce wrath!* Then pangs of death, anguish of conscience, frights of hell, meeting all together, will render a man perfectly miserable.

It is strange that we will not be wise by other men's harms: for though we love our selves better than others, yet we see others better than our selves to dye. Reason therefore bids us, if we would see our own case, to view it in another man's person, and so prevent that which he feels.

Seldom doth he dye well, that lives ill; therefore in the course of your life practise *well doing*, and at parting you shall have the comfort of *well dying*.

Body and Soul parting.

BUt, *Oh how bitter at that time will be the parting of Soul and Body!* We see old Acquaintants cannot part without tears. *What shall such intimate familiar friends do, as the Soul and Body are, which have lived together from the womb with so much delight?* If the Ox loweth, when his fellow is taken from him, that drew the Plough with him; what lowing shall we give, when Soul and Body part? *Dost thou part us so? O bitter Death, dost thou part us so?*

When I go *into the bottom*, there shall I see our *nothingness*, saith the Book of *Kings*. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loath.

Ægrè amittitur, quod nimis amatur.

That is lost with trouble, that is too strongly beloved.

Inflame my soul with true zeal (the true seal of thy holy Spirit) that it may be carried in a full course, with the wings of Faith and Devotion, where Christ

Christ sitteth at the right hand of the Father.

Faith will assure thee, that God is thy Father: but Nature will tell thee, that she is thy Mother, and thou mayest not yet leave her. In this conflict, take heed the Mother's side prevail not; she will play *Naomi*'s part, perswade thee earnestly to stay, and enjoy the delights of *Moab* a while longer: but resolve thou with *Ruth*, to see what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou shalt find a *Boaz*.

In that hour, every man will make *Balaam*'s suit, O that I might dye the death of the *Righteous* (for no man would be miserable, if it were enough to desire to be happy.) *Beatus vult Homo esse, etiamsi non sic vivendo ut possit esse: Man wisheth to be blessed; although he have no mind to live, so, as that he may be blessed.* Some there are, that would not wish to live, but wish they had not lived. But such wishes will not serve: Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good works, Hell full of good wishes. He must live godlily, that will dye safely. We all desire to shut up our last scene of Life with, *In manus tuas, Domine; Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit.* But it is not

the last words a man utters, that do qualifie his soul. Remember how in thy life, thou hast entertained God's Spirit: for, as we used him in this life, so he will use us after death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vitâ, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vitâ. Such as any man hath made himself in this life, Such shall he find himself, when he goes out of this life.*

At this hour, What would a man give to secure his Soul? *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ tunc, qui nunc pro nihilo das illam? What wilt thou give then for thy soul to save it, who dost so prodigally throw it away now for nothing?* Poor man! Never was any so rich as could pay the ransome of his own Soul; a displeased Mercy asks greater satisfaction than an offended Majesty.

Temporis amissi, Mali commissi, Boni omissi.

And this know, that when thou dyest, thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, That is, *of thy time lost, of the evil thou hast done, and the good thou hast not done*: And thy Soul already knows in thy Conscience, whither it is a going; *quando egreditur è corpore tuo, when it passeth out of thy body*; for, thy Conscience is a Justice Itinerant within thee, and though thou canst carry nothing else with thee, yet this

this thou canst not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goest, and what thou shalt look for: *Tunc, quasi loquentia, tua Opera dicent: Tu nos egisti: Tua opera sumus; Te non deseremus, sed tecum ibimus ad Judicium: Then shall thy Doings, even speaking aloud, say unto thee, Thou hast done us, we are thy works, we will not leave thee, but will go with thee to judgment.* In that day shall come into men's minds (by the Divine power) in the twinkling of an eye, all their past good or evil works.

Memory, the Magazine of the Soul, will then recount all that thou hast done, said, or thought, all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for sin, but misery.

Man is a great flatterer of himself, but Conscience is always just, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It always takes part with God against a man's self: It is a domestick Magistrate, that will tell what you do at home: It is well termed the pulse of the Soul, therefore if you would know the true state of your Body or Soul, feel how this beats, that will tell you: yet take heed, you make not an Idol of your Conscience; neither think, as some do, that it is a crime to make a conscience of

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our actions. The book of *Wisdom* saith, That *wickedness being pressed with Conscience, fore casteth grievous things.* Fear is full of projects. *No man can have a severer Judge than himself*: therefore not to fear judgment is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily; *Lord, let thy Kingdom come.*

Nemo severiorem seipso, habet judicem.

It shews a Christian courage, *to seek the Kingdom of God*: But a man had need of a good Cause that wishes the coming of his Judge.

Regnum Dei postulare.

At point of death, if a man will take his aim by the best men that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, yea, and of *Christ himself* (as he was man) is able to amaze any man; when as our Saviour Christ, not many hours before he suffered, said, *My Soul is troubled, and what shall I say*; and at the very point of Death, said, *Father, if it be thy will, let this Cup pass from me.* When *David* said, *Save Lord, for thy mercies sake: for in Death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezekias* wept sore, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must dye. If the Patriarchs, if the Prophets, if the Apostles, if the Martyrs*

Si Patres, si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus ipse, &c.

tyrs if Christ himself was thus troubled at the hour of Death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I do!* We were all to seek, but that Christ bids us, *Be of good chear, for I have overcome Death. Mors, morte redempta est: Death is redeemed by Death.* Now, there is an advantage in Death; That which was the wages of sin, is made the reward of righteousness.

Now that Death hath overcome death, & that faith hath secured fear; *Nec tædet me vivere, nec timeo mori; I am neither weary of life, nor afraid to dye:* for, What can he fear in death, whose death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo pellitur: Fear is baniſh'd by fear, as one nail is driven out by another.* So blessed a thing is death, as that no man is or can be blessed until his Death. Right precious in the sight of God, is the death of all his Saints. See then, what makes men willing or loath to dye. *Obsecro te* Lucille; *Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo? I pray thee, O* Lucillus (said *Seneca*) *why should a valiant man fear labour, or a mortal man death*: It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loath to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the World, as others

others can forbear the Court; And count him but unwise, *Qui os suum aperit auri, ut se satiet vento; that openeth his mouth for air, that he may fill his belly with wind.* Some say unto themselves, *Since the Fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were.* *They are willingly ignorant, that they may more freely sin.* These will erect to themselves a Heaven out of Heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should always laugh upon them, though *Pejor est mundus cum blanditur, quàm cum indignatur: The world is far worse when she flatters, than when she scolds.*

Liberè ignorant, ut liberiùs peccent.

Some say, *Let us eat and drink for to morrow we shall dye*; and, *Post mortem, nulla voluptas: after death, there is no more pleasure.* These would do any thing, rather than dye.

Others, thinking to please God by making themselves miserable, live as if they came into the world, but to act a Sad man's part, and dye.

These with a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weak minds seek ease in change: Therefore well said the Son of *Syrach, O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance*

brance to him whose strength fails? Who is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience? Contrariwise, *O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things!* But, *O seculum nequam, quod solos tuos sic soles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos! O wicked world, which dost only bless thy friends, so as to make them God's enemies!*

Certainly, to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacy with affluence of all things (for to use happiness is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a sad and bitter meditation, To think that death must take him from all these joys, wherein his heart took pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but pains in their loss. *Alas, for how small a thing, have I lost my Kingdom!* said *Lysimachus*, when he gave his Kingdom for a cup of cold water. *O pro quantillo, Regnum perdidi!*

Thus, as men differ in their condition; so do they in the acceptation of death. But, *O quàm amara mors, mundum amantibus! O, how bitter is death to them that love the world!*

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Every poor contentment glues us to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vain hopes, impure pleasures, false honours, dangerous greatness, unsatisfying wealth, stormy contentments, all contemptible. For all that, some good men covet, *Et Deum, & Mundum, simul complecti*; *to grasp and inclose both God and the World together*; but that will not be; for, *Cor divisum non amat Deus*: *God loves not a divided heart.* A man cannot look up to heaven with one eye, and down to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non est dividendus cum terrenis*: *Our love of God is not to be divided with the things of the world.* Christ would not have his Coat divided.

If thy heart be set on heaven, thy soul will have no pleasure in these low things. Look upward; a good Christian is high-minded:

Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit.——

He with a lofty look did man endue;
And gave him power the starry skies to view.

The mind contemplating heaven, walks beyond eye-sight; and, at so far a distance, discerns God as if he were at hand. There be certain Subsapients so worldly-wise, as they think all other men Insipients. To converse with God is true solace. We are never

never well, but when we are converſing with others; but our converſation is ſeldome in heaven, where it ſhould be.

Moſes was with God in the Mountain, and came down gliſtering; his face ſhining. *Peter*, when he was taken up to the Mount, cried, *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula; Let us build three Tabernacles here*: Whoſoever they be that dwell in contemplation of heavenly things, ſee Viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, *I have more joy of heart, than they whoſe wine and oyl increaſed.* Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not fear; But a heart, and a heart, God cannot abide, *Cor extenſum, Deus amat*: *A large heart God loves.* It is noted in Nature, that the fearfulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the fear of God enlarge thy heart, and thou needeſt not fear the day of death. For, *Dies iſte, quem, tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant; tibi æternæ ſalutis erit; That day which ſome men are afraid of as their laſt, ſhall be to thee a day of eternal happineſs*: Nor yet the face of death, for it will look upon thee, *not with an horrid face, but a fawning; not with a terrible, but an amiable preſence.* Here is

Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili.

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the difference, The good man's hope is even in death: The world-lover ends his hope and happiness, when he dyeth. As *Ahab* said to *Elias*, so saith he to Death, *Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?* whereas the other saith, as *David* said to *Abimaas*, *Let him come and welcome, for he is a good man, and bringeth unto me good tidings.* He is the messenger of Christ, and bringeth unto me the joyful tidings of everlasting life.

Plato, discoursing unto one, *concerning the contempt of death*, and speaking strangely upon it; was answered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis*, Plato: *At* Plato, *Non quemadmodum viveret, sed quemadmodum vivendum esset, dicebat: Thou speakest more bravely, than thou livest: but he spake, not, as he did live, but as he ought to live.* For, A weak man's Rules may be better than the best man's Actions. But howsoever the Contemplation of death pleaseth, the suffering of death will pinch. A man is satisfied, that death is a passing to heaven; it is that which brings us to a happy journey's end. Death is the ship that wafts us over to the shore of a blessed Eternity; it is that boat that is sent to bring us to the Landing-stairs of our Father's house: Much like *Abraham*'s servant, that went to fetch *Rebecca*, to be married

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to the Son of the Promise, when they enquired at the mouth of the Damosel; she willingly, and presently gives her consent to go with him So when Death comes with his pale Horse, for a Saint of God's she willingly gets up behind him. Or (as one) Death is like the Waggons *Joseph* sent to his father *Jacob*, out of *Egypt*; when he saw the Waggons, it is said, the good old man's heart revived within him, and he cryed out, *Is Joseph my son yet alive, I will go down and see him before I dye*: So when the Saints see the Waggons of Death, their hearts revive; Jesus is alive, I will go to Jesus. *Thou shalt go to thy Fathers*, sweetens the Contemplation, as did that wood, cast by *Moses* into the waters of *Marah*, turning bitterness into sweetness; the thought of death, (though it be but a gathering to our fathers) would be but an unpleasing study.

But fears being past, which are but shadows, set off joys the better: Therefore, now to see the joys that Death brings.

The joys brought by Death.

IT bringeth the Godly mans soul to enjoy an immediate communion with the blessed

blessed Trinity in everlasting life and glory. It translateth the soul from the miseries of this world, to the City of the living God, the Celestial *Jerusalem*, and to the Assembly and Congregation of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the souls of just men, made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant.

By difficult and narrow means, we attain to noble ends. The Soul of joy lies in the Soul's joy. It was *Sampson*'s Riddle, *Out of the bitter came sweet.* The good man's quality is to look through death at glory. When we think upon the separation of body and soul, then it is a sweet Contemplation, to consider the conjunction of our bodies and souls with Christ; which being made by the bond of the Spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wild beasts, or Birds devour and tear the body from the soul, yet neither body nor soul are thereby severed from Christ.

Non curo, si ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura siam farina Christo.

I care not, saith holy *Ignatius*, *if the teeth of wild beasts grind me, so I may become pure meal for Christ.* And yet the body thus consumed

sumed, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receives life or sense from the soul, nor hath aptitude in it self to re-animation, whilst it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith *Job*, *by the scent of water will bud again, but man is sick and dyeth, and where is he*? surely, not lost, but laid a while at rest. But when the great Assizes, that general *Venite* (*Come ye*) comes; Then, look what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The Body and soul of Christ were severed as far as Heaven and the Grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the Godhead: So likewise our bodies and souls, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of m les distant, neither of them are severed or dis-joyned from Christ our Head.

He that fore-told, revived: and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this. Weak faith looks for means, and is put to shifts, when she sees them fail: and yet, Reason ministers help to Faith, though it be no ground of Faith: For, *Faith does not take away, but rather set up Reason*. Reason, the chiefest piece of man,

Fides non tollit, sed potius extollit, rationem.

man, would, but cannot reach so high: Grace, that hath taken up the seat in the soul, makes Reason see what Nature cannot. And yet Man, do what he can, is still apt to seek a reason why he should believe. But Omnipotency, which works by improbabilities, tells us, there is no strong Faith, where there is apparent means. Difficulties and improbabilities, are the proper objects of Faith, *Believe what thou seest not, and thou shalt see what thou believest not.*

Crede, quod non vides; & videbis, quod non credis.

Philosophers say that Credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly: But, as Opinion is owing unto Reason, so is Faith to Religion. With Philosophers, to believe nothing for which they saw not Reason, was counted wisdom: But faith is not Faith, if Reason comprehend it. Faith and Reason have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old, it was the greatest argument for proof of Christianity, the proceeding of it contrary to Reason.

In Nature, we see that in Winter-season, Trees which seem as dead, revive again in the Spring, because the Body, Grains and Arms of the Tree are joyned to the Root,

Root, where the Sap lies all the Winter; and by means of conjunction it conveys vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so men's bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust, *Man is a Tree inverted, whose root is in Heaven, and the boughs on Earth.* Man's life lies hid in Christ with God; yet in the day of the Resurrection, divine and quickening vertue shall stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to rise again from the grave to life eternal. For the Head will not be without the Members; Where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrink not at the impossibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted, how, in that transfiguration of our Saviour; the body of *Moses*, which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the Mount of *Tabor*; which assures that this body of ours (lodge it where you will) is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid down in dust.

The Incineration and Dissipation of this dust, shall have a re-collection in the day of Resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezekiel*, *Prophesie upon these bones, and say, O ye dry bones, I will cause breath*

breath to enter into you, I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live? Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust, saith *Esay*; *for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead. I know,* saith *Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face.* Our bodies, you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard*, upon the loss of his friend, expostulates thus with death; *Lo, thou hast slain him, thou hast taken possession: but of what; not of his soul, but his body:* and, *Christ will come one day in Power and Majesty, to seek after that flesh, and to conform that rotten body to his glorious body.*

It is well for Man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing; else how would some men's corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleep saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest; for now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sin; or why grieve for the death of a friend? since, as *Seneca* saith, *It is but envy, not sorrow? Now that the Child is dead, wherefore should I fast or weep,* saith *David?*

Im-

Immoderate ſorrow for any loſs of any earthly thing whatſoever, is not comely in a Chriſtian. It is true indeed, The loſs of God's favour, or but the withholding or with-drawing the comfortable light of his Countenance, or ſenſe of his ſweet favour and mercy; this, I grant, is matter, and juſt cauſe of deep ſorrow, and humiliation. In that ſad caſe, take *David*'s Harp into thy hand, his Pſalms into thy heart and mouth; and ſay,—— *Why art thou ſo vexed, O my ſoul, and why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? O put thy truſt in God, for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God*, Pſal. 42. 14, 15. And again in *Pſal.* 43. 3, 4. *O ſend out thy Light, and thy Truth, that they may lead me, and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling, and that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladneſs*, and, *Upon the Harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God, my God.* It is a joyful and pleaſant thing to be thankful. To be ever thankful, is, as it were, the pulſe, and continual motion of his ſoul, which God hath enlightened and ſanctified. As *David*'s Harp drove away the evil ſpirit from *Saul*; 1 *Sam.* 23. 16. So doth *David*'s Pſalms even now drive the evil ſpirit

of immoderate ſorrow and ſadneſs from a Chriſtian's heart: I mean, if ſaid or ſung with the ſame ſpirit (though but in much lower degree) that *David* wrote them. This was one reaſon why primitive Saints, women eſpecially, could ſay all *David*'s Pſalms without book. But, O devout ſoul, thou art ſad and heavily vexed, for loſs of ſome earthly comfort and joy, as it may be, the Plague, the Fire, the Sea, or ſome other calamity, or heavy hand of God hath deprived thee of thy goods, thy husband, thy child; and after all this, of thy health. Alas for thee, good brother, or ſiſter, I have much compaſſion for thee, I cannot but mourn with thee who mourneſt. And good cauſe thou haſt to mourn, leſt God ſhould complain of thee, as he did of *Iſrael*, *I have ſmitten thee, and thou haſt not grieved*, or mourned. But thou art immoderate in mourning, thy ſorrow laſts too long, it is too deep rooted in thy heart; this is not good, nor comely in a Chriſtian, who is an Heir of Heaven, and fellow-heir with Chriſt, our Deareſt Saviour.

Comfort thy ſelf, O thou faint-hearted, weak ſoul, with the calling to mind thy Saviour's Sweating, Bleeding, Crying *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me*; and

then

then dying, and dying for thee. Suffering infinitely more than thou doſt or canſt ſuffer. Thou ſuffereſt with Chriſt (if thou ſuffereſt patiently) and ſhalt reign with Chriſt. *Rejoyce therefore in the Lord always, and again I ſay rejoyce.* Account it all joy when you fall into divers temptations, afflictions and tryals, ſaith Saint *James*, 1. 2. If *all joy*, then as little and as ſhort ſorrow as may be. Say this prayer or reſignation to God, often and devoutly.

Bleſſed Lord Jeſus, I give thee my body, my ſoul, my ſubſtance, my children, my friends, my liberty, and my life; diſpoſe of me, and of all that is mine, as it ſeemeth good to thy Divine Wiſdom, that ſo thy Name may be glorified, and my ſoul ſaved through thy mercies, merits and mediation. Amen.

Grief preceding evil, if it be uſed for a remedy, cannot be too much; But that which follows an evil paſt remedy, cannot be too little. The arreſt of death ſhall not always keep him that lies down in peace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auguſtine*, ſhall be raiſed, * *with as much eaſe as happineſs.* * For, *Death only pauſeth life, not takes it away*: it doth not diſ-annul, but

* *Tantâ facilitate, quantâ felicitate.*

* *Nam mors tantum intermittit animam, non eripit.*

discontinue life. And by our rising we are remitted to our better right: A life which never dies, a Morning which hath no Eve, nor ending.

Now methinks I hear Death say of Life, as *John Baptist* said of Christ, *He that cometh after me, is before me.*

O sweet Word! *Life*, the best Monosyllable in the World, God's own Attribute; *God liveth, and my soul* (saith *Job*) *shall live, for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the Child of Death? Then blessed also be the word *Death*, the Mother of Life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*; for, thou art not bitter, but sweet; more pleasant, though swifter in thy Gate, than the Roe or Hind. The Stoick could say, *'Tis Death that causeth that To be born is no punishment.* But what saith St. *John*? *I heard a voice from Heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the Dead, which dye in the Lord, they die no more; Death hath no more power over them. All tears are wiped from their eyes.* Saint *Peter* the Apostle had, by his faith, cured all infirmities and diseases in all places, yet he

Mors est quæ efficit, ut mori non sit supplicium.

Petronella febre moritur: Rogatus Petrus, cur non illi sicut aliis succurreret; Hæc illi præstare, respondit, &c.

he ſuffered his Daughter *Petronella* to be grievouſly afflicted with a Feaver; and being demanded why he that had cured others, did not help her, he anſwered: Becauſe he knew her ſickneſs to be moſt behooveful for her ſoul's health; for the weaker ſhe was in body, ſhe was ſo much the ſtronger in faith, ſetting her cogitations on the Joys of Heaven.

Compare Life and Death, and you will clearly ſee how Death, which ſeems to diſpoſſeſs us of all, puts us in poſſeſſion of more than that all.

Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerûm.
Tendimus in Latium, ſedes ubi fata quietas,
Oſtendunt: ———

Through many turns, & divers ſorts of chance,
To ſafe and quiet dwellings we advance.

It is *but* Being which we have by Birth; a better Being is by *Death*. *Our Being is from Nature, our well-being from Grace, our beſt being from Glory.* Man's happy Being is *Eternity*. God's proper Name is *Being*. *Being* is our Chriſtian Name.

Fain would Man be happy while he lives: But the world will ſcarce afford him a va-

cation unto ſorrows. No man can ſpeak himſelf happy, that hath a day to live. For, *What a late evening may bring forth, he cannot tell.* There is divine Philoſophy in that ſaying, *Others bring forth the beſt wine firſt, but thou bringeſt that which is beſt laſt.* The end of man is better than man; whoſe birth is Sin, his life Folly, his death Rottenneſs.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, becauſe *Our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; and it is but a windy happineſs that is ſought in titles taken upon others credit; yet it was happineſs to me, that God wrapt me up in his Covenant, reſerved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a ſubject to virtuous and gracious Kings. Yet, this birth brought me into a world of miſeries, allowing no ceaſing from ſorrows, *not my very birth-day was excepted.* For crying was the firſt note of my Being, *a Prophet of my own future calamity.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a houſe of clay, whoſe foundation is duſt; but death brings me to a habitation made without hands, everlaſting in the Heavens. *My ſoul lifted up to things on high, wandereth among the bleſſed Spirits*; and that holy company receives

ceives her, where; for Love, I ſhall be a Son; for Birth-right, an Heir; for Dignity, a King. Here I have converſed, and had commerſe with men; there I ſhall have communion with Saints, fellowſhip with Angels; enjoy *that bleſſed viſion*, the immediate fruition of God and Chriſt.

O happy and ſafe condition of God's Children, whom pain thus eaſeth, death revives, diſſolution unites, ſin glorifies! *For we know* (ſaith Saint *Paul*) *we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened, not for that we would be uncloathed, but cloathed upon; that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.*

Old Father *Jacob*, when he was told of his Son *Joſeph*'s power in *Egypt*, was not ſatisfied to hear of his honours, but enquires of his Life; Intimating, that Life to come is better than all the honours that are in *Egypt*, or fortunes that are on Earth. Nor yet did *Joſeph*'s Life content him, without his being with him: (For a good heart will be content to ſhare with others in their miſeries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone:) and therefore ſaid, *I will go ſee him*, counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walk in deſires; for indeed, The beſt things that are, pleaſure

us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of soul and body at their meeting.

HAppiness communicated, doubles it self: these two Cousins, Soul and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth* will haste to meet in the Hill-Countrey. And what then shall be the joy, when Soul and Body, separate for a season, (although in the *interim* the Soul doth not wander and obambulate) shall meet again in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The soul saying to the body, *Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the Winter is past, the time of singing of birds is come.*

The sense of this delight and contentment did well appear in that Meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joseph*, whom mutual loss, and separation for a while, did more endear each to other.

Intermission of comfort hath this advantage, that it sweetens our delight more in the return, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the land of Promise, to see his younger

younger Son *Joseph*, though in *Egypt!* What then shall be the Soul's joy, to end a pilgrimage in a strange Land; and go to see her elder Brother Christ in heaven? In this respect, *I desire to be dissolved*, was St. *Paul*'s wish. For this tedious mortality (pleasant it how man can) will grow intolerable, if death do not dis-burden it. *Long living* so loads us with sin, as sin it self tires at last him that loved it best.

It is an inmate that will roost with us as long as life affords it house-room, nor will it lodge alone, but still one sin will bring in another.

But, Through death, the very body of death, and burden of sin are cast out both together.

Sith then the life I now lead is beset with death, tends to death, ends in death; I will no longer mistake terms, calling that death which is life, that life which is death: saying *that is death, which we esteem life, and that life, which we fear as death*; But will hold with Saint *Augustine*. *By life is a passage ever to death, and by death a return to life.*

Per vitam, ad mortem transitum est; per mortem, ad vitam reditus est.

Death the Regeneration of the Soul.

I Think, The Pagans had some sense of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of those Philosophers was divine, who held, that although the soul of man was then infused, when man was made, yet it is new born when man dies. His body being the womb, death the midwife, which delivers that, to sorrow; this, to glory.

Return then to thy rest, O my Soul! for God hath dealt bountifully with thee. I can no otherwise joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremy*, who said, *Let not the day, wherein my Mother bare me, be blessed.*

Death unto the Man of this world is most bitter, but unto the man of God it is advantage; wherefore the Martyrs, and holy Confessors in old time reputed the day of their death their birth-day. The Christians did evermore celebrate the Funerals of the Martyrs; insinuating that the day of our death is better than the day of our birth; and that then only we begin truly to live, when once we die. Blessed is the hour of our death. *Even so saith the Spirit,*

Spirit, Bleſſed are they that die in the Lord, for they reſt from their labours, and their works follow them.

If we obſerve man's ingreſs into the world, his progreſs in it, his egreſs out of it, we muſt needs wonder, and ſay with *David*, *Lord, what is man!* And yet he was a King that ſaid it.

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget?
Quis errat? Solus (heu ſortes!) Homo
Sperat, optat, alget, volvit, explorat, queritur.
Malorum omnia plena.

Tell who are they that fear, and want, & groan,
And always err; (Ah ſad fate!) men alone:
Poor man hopes, wiſheth, ſtarves, turns to and fro,
Seeks, and yet wants. So full is all of woe!

Death brings unto the godly an end of ſinning, and of miſeries which are due to ſin; ſo that after death, there ſhall be no more ſorrow nor pain; for God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes: for God takes away merciful and righteous men from the evil to come. So he dealt with good *Joſiah*, *I will gather thee to thy Fathers, and thou ſhalt be put into thy grave in peace, and thine eyes ſhall not ſee all the evil which I*

will

will yet bring upon this place. As *Paradise* is the Haven of the Soul's joy; so the *Grave* may be termed the Haven for the Body to rest in. In this bed of earth, he that hath tryed the worst of death, hath called it no worse: very Heathens have termed Sleep and Death Cousins, and it is no unusual thing for Cousins of blood, to carry both the same names and features.

But to assure, there are joys in Death, what saith the Scripture to well dying men? *Rejoyce and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth near. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a spiritual body,* not in substance, but in quality; like that body of the Son of God. *Unto you that fear God,* saith the Prophet *Malachi, the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.*

The Third General Division.

III.

When Death is to be prepared for, and how.

The Time when.

PLato (*that God of Philosophers*) saith, *There is no safe Philosophy, but a perpetual meditation of Death.* And, *Without that*

that meditation, no man can enjoy a quiet mind. Dreadful death laughs at the vain conceipts and precepts of humane tranquility. It is, saith *Scipio*, the moſt honourable Philoſophy, to ſtudy a man's mortality: *The life of a wiſe man is a meditation upon death*; Politicks ſay, *All our life we ſhould be learning to live.* But ſaith *Seneca*, *what thou wilt rather admire, All our life long we are to learn to die.* The Divine ſaith beſt, *Think upon thy endleſs end, and thou ſhalt live without end.*

Fools would fain do at laſt, that which wiſe men do at firſt, prepare for their end. Careleſs men think the Signiory of time is at their command, to do what they liſt, when they liſt. Indeed youth and age are meaſured by government, not by time: *Time it ſelf is the meaſure of time:* but we muſt conſider, we have little power over the preſent, leſs over the future. *David*'s example is worth the following, who cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end, and the meaſure of my days; what it is, and how long I have to live. All the days of mine appointed time,* ſaith *Job*, *I will wait till my change ſhall come. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee,*

Menſura temporis, tempus.

thee, thou haſt appointed his bounds, that he cannot paſs.

Time it ſelf, which covers all that's paſt, and diſcovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes; Nature's time is paſt. The Law which ſucceeded, is aboliſhed. Now is the Goſpel's time, after which, there ſhall be no more Changes.

Change (the great Maſter of the World) that hath this Time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our own but Time, which is a ſervant equal to all; holds pace, and flies as faſt in idleneſs, as in buſineſs. So that though time well ſpent diminiſhes our time, yet when it is employed in timely preparation, it lays up time as treaſure for a future time; and this is rather a husbanding, than conſuming of time. *We have loſt a day*, ſaid *Veſpaſian*. *Diem perdidimus.* He lives in ſafety that watches his time: but in reckoning of time, moſt men miſ-caſt it, counting for firſt that which is laſt, and that laſt which is firſt; beginning the account from the day of birth, whereas our deaths-day is our firſt day to life; we then ceaſing to die, when we leave to live.

Fabian *was uſed to ſay, That life is divided into*

into these three times: That is, That was, That shall be: Of these, that which we have now, is short; that which we shall have, is doubtful; that which we have past, is certain: we are sure of it.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certain, *The hour is not yet come*, deceives many a man; but when the Sun comes to the Meridian, the year to the Solstice, then look for a turning of the days: impose an honest and happy necessity upon thy self, and think of dying timely.

The Scepticks put a *Peradventure*, upon all things in the world. But, saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the World to be named where this word, *Peradventure*, hath no place, except you speak of death; *In this case alone, [Peradventure] can have no place.* *Hic solum, Fortasse, locum habere non potest.*

It may be said of Death, as is of the Kingdom of Heaven, it comes not by observation. He lives not, that knows where, when or how he shall die. Yet none lives, but knows he must die.

Death is an end to all, a remedy to many, a wish to some; and deserves better of none, than those to whom it comes before

fore it be called. Therefore said one, *it is plain madness*, it is more than folly, not to be prepared for death. But, *if we premeditate of death as it comes on, we shall overcome it.* The preparation for death, makes a fruition of life; *No man can be said to have lived a jot the longer, because he hath gray hairs and wrinkles*; yet, never man preserved himself from dying, by forgetting death. *Gerson* brings in an *English* Man, asking a *French* Man, *How many years hast thou lived*: How many years old are you? His answer was *I cannot say that I have seen any years at all*, I am of no years at all; but, death hath forborn me these fifty years.

Quot annos habes?

Annos non habeo.

Look at death thorow a perspective, that so it may seem at hand, though it be far off. *Before old age we must take care to live well, and in old age to die well.*

The very Heathens through Nature's instinct, provided themselves for death by sacrifices to their gods.

(breath:

Go! Crack the Beds, Wine, Roses, Perfume's
Yet God commands thee, to remember death.

A fair way of dying well, is feisable.

SOlomon saying, that *the day of death was better than the day of birth*, inferred that, there was a fair way of dying well: Whereunto two things were requisite.

First, a timely preparation before death, is most requisite. For,

He that expects death, will easily bear it. That Oracle of Moral men, wise *Seneca*, was wont to say, *It is our duty to die often, but we will not; and at last we die whether we will or no.*

Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus.

We ought often to prepare for death, and will not; at last, we die indeed, and would not. *Cæsar Borgias* being sick to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing but Death; now I must die, and am unprovided to die.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man. *But we are all deceived with this errour, that we think none but old men approach to death: neither experience nor age can work upon us; so Death, that it may more easily surprise us, shrowds it self under the very name of life.* He that sees the Basilisk before he be seen of it, avoids the poyson: See death

before

before it comes, you ſhall not feel it when it comes.

Procraſtination is the great enemy to preparation. This *Crow's note*, that always cries, *Cras*, *Cras*; *To morrow*, *to morrow*, cozens many a man, making him to loſe To day, truſting upon To morrow. How long ſhall I defer, and ſtill cry to morrow, to morrow? Why do I not now begin, even this preſent hour? Why do I not break off my ſinful courſes, and begin to live better? This I ſpeak, and fall a weeping for the Contrition of Heart, ſaith *Tibullus*.

I had long ſince by death diſpatch'd all ill,
But credulous hope promis'd life happier ſtill:
But truſt not to that, do not delay.
He, Poſthumus, *is wiſe, liv'd yeſterday.*

We pray daily; Lord, *Give us this day our daily bread*; *whilſt it is called to day*: we ſhould remember, Life is but a day, *'tis but a day, not an age.* Wherefore ſaith *Solomon*, *Talk not of to morrow, for thou knoweſt not what to morrow will bring forth.*

By deferring we preſume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

We diſpoſe of that which lies in fortunes hand, and neglect that which is our own; which

which made the Heathen Poet, *stirr'd with a divine fury*, utter this *wholsome verse*.

Optima quaque dies, miseris mortalibus, evi,
Prima fugit.———

The best and choicest part of our short time,
Like distill'd liquors draws off in our prime.

Therefore, delay not to prepare for death, till the approaches of death; *Remember thy last end, and thou shalt not perish for ever.* In evils to be prevented, delay is a kind of ease; not so, in good things. Do therefore the work of the day, *in its own day.* No man can promise himself a morrow.

Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora mensem:
Rides, cum non sit forsitan una dies.

'Twould make thee weep, knew'st thou but one month's stay:
And yet thou laugh'st when't may be not one day.

Every man hath his day, *O Jerusalem, hadst thou known but in this thy day; thou wouldst not*, &c. *There is both Man's day, and God's day.* When Man's day is past, then

then God's day comes; for, *life is nothing else but a Watch.* The Eve of another day.

A Man, saith *Luther*, lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool; and by that time he sees his folly, his life is finished. So, Men die before they begin to live. The case therefore of those men is most unhappy; who, after forty or fifty years of days, in their mis-spent time (for it was but *time*, not *life*) and now ready to die, are even then to learn how to die, when they are in the act of dying.

What a silly forgetfulness it is of mortality, to think of beginning life at that time, to which few have attained to life? Holy *Job*, *My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart? Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth, are not his days like the days of an hireling?*

To die well, is too busie a work to be done well, on a sudden. Deferring, as well as presuming, makes many men implicite Atheists.

It was a sweet speech, and might well have become an elder Body, which a young innocent Child of my own, used in extremity of sickness, *Mother, what shall I do? I shall die before I know what Death is.* I be-

speech

ſeech you tell me what is Death, and how I ſhould die. Death is the known'ſt and unknown'ſt thing in the world. Without queſtion, *There is great difference whether a Man be unwilling to ſin, or ignorant.* But *there is nothing more miſerable for a dying Man, than not to know how to die:* Nay ſaith one, *'Tis more tolerable not to be, than to be ignorant how to die.*

Sith then it is a thing as well natural as neceſſary for a man to die, it is no thanks to a man to pay that, willingly, which he muſt do of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, Wiſdom counſels two things.

Firſt, to conſider the time, *When.*

Secondly, the means, *How.*

For the time; Seek not death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years approach, wherein thou ſhalt ſay I have no pleaſure in you. Before the Silver Cord be looſed, or the Golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond tree flouriſh, and the Graſhopper be a burden; Before the Keepers of the Houſe ſhall tremble, the ſtrong men bow, the Grinders ceaſe, they wax dark that look out of the windows, and the daughters of Muſick be brought low.*

Barzillai, being fourſcore years old, in this

this case, refused all the pleasures of King *David*'s house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himself. Age or sickness will make a man unapt, either to compose, or dispose himself to death. *Our time flows heavy then, and sour.* It is no fit time then to prepare to die, when it is a burden to live; So in the Law, God required the first-fruits, not the lees, for his portion. *From the womb of the morning, thou hast the dew of thy youth.*

Old age it self is a young death. Age doth solicite Death, Youth scorns it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this business. Therefore dedicate not all thy times to business, for that, as well as sloth, may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improve most by laying up: And who can grudge to forego Earth, to enjoy Heaven?

Three signs approaching Death.

DO you desire some signs of Death, before you prepare your self for death? *There are three Harbingers*

Tres sunt mortis nuntii, Casus, Infirmitas, Senectus: *Casus dubia, Infirmitas gravia, Senectus certa denunciat. Casus nunciat mortem lucentem, Infirmitas apparentem, Senectus præsentem.*

of

of death, Chance, Infirmity, Old age; Chance threatens it doubtful, Infirmity troublesome, and Old age certain; Chance foretels an hidden death, Infirmity an apparent, Old age a present; Age and sickness summon men to their dissolution.

When *Ezekiah* had been sick unto death, he wrote thus; *In the cutting off my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I shall walk weakly all my years, in the bitterness of my soul.*

Thus it fareth with every Man, in age or sickness. When a man begins to be sick, his senses are wholly busied about the disease. The Physician is then conferring with him of the state of his body: the Lawyer is then consulted with, about his worldly estate: the Minister, touching his soul's health. Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Visits offend thee: thy own servants cannot please; Other men's discourses tire thee; to speak thy self spends thee; and to be silent, grieves thee. Not to be told how thou dost, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art, discomforts thee; but it most of all afflicts thee, to see thy wife and children (those pieces of thy self in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus

Thus miſerably we poor men at this time are diſtreſſed, and diſtracted, made unfit for any thing. At the hour of death, perturbations ariſing from the greatneſs of griefs, and the nearneſs of death; have great force to diſturb the ſenſes, and will diſable the heart from liſting it ſelf to God: For where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in pain is prone to love his body better than his ſoul; therefore it is a madneſs in a buſineſs of the ſoul, to tarry and wait for the worſt diſpoſition of the body. A Lover of virtue, at the point of death, will ſecretly ſtudy how to avoid the pains of death, which, at other times he deſpiſed. God knows a due preparation for death requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound, perfect and whole man.

Think not to ſerve God with thy Dotage, when thou haſt ſerved thy pleaſures with thy Youth; God, for his ſervice, will have the young *Iſaac* of thine age. *You ſhall not ſee my face,* ſaith *Joſeph, except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when he comes near the Goal of Death, even for ſome intrinſecal cauſe, though unknown to himſelf, is then weary of himſelf, and entertains

tertains life with a tedious dislike of it. Then does the remembrance of that which we must repent afterwards, grow unpleasant, distasting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affairs.

Those sports which youth did please,
To old age grow disease.——

In the straits of death, then he prays, God deliver me! then he thinks, O, how am I straitned till it be accomplished! *Abyssus abyssum invocat, Depth calleth upon depth*; Sad words breathing sorrows.

But this should have been done when strength of understanding served. For, *It is too late to begin to live then, when we are to give over. O sinful soul! O cold and negligent wretch!* who, whilst thou wast among the living, never look'st to heaven; what wilt thou do, when thou art to depart from the body, so excessively beloved? Then to see thy self besieged, on one hand with diseases, on the other with straits of death, the Worm of Conscience gnawing, evil Spirits tempting to despair, thine own thoughts casting up thy sins. Oh miserable soul, what wilt thou do? which way wilt thou be able to turn thy self? It will

be intolerable for thee to appear, and impossible to lie hid. Therefore be wise, and defer not thy repentance to this time; for at this time, these perturbations and confusions will make thee unfit to think upon thy salvation. Saint *Augustine* says well: *No man can die amiss that hath lived well, nor die happily that hath lived wickedly.* Therefore, that thou maist live more safely, die more constantly; Repent betimes.

Nemo potest male, mori qui bene vixit; nec beate mori, qui male vixerit.

The little Bee, so soon as flowers spring, goes abroad, views the gay Drapery, and the diversity of the flowery fields, sucks the sweetest of them, straights her thighs, makes a curious comb, and so betimes hoards up Honey in Summer against the Winter.

Death is that Winter; *Pray that your flight be not in the winter.* Why is the Winter harder to the Grashopper than to the Ant? Prudence in one, and imprudence in the other, differs them. To a wise heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Think not thou the Winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this work. *Mannah* must be gathered in the morning: The orient

rient Pearl is generated of the morning Dew.

It is too late, when time is paſt, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the days of his youth, to the prevention of evil. Proviſion is the beſt prevention. It is ſaid of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller; that, before he died, *He pluck'd up his feet to him*: So do thou the feet of thy Soul: Thoſe cogitations and affections, on which, whilſt thou livedſt, thou didſt wander over all the World; Gather them up, and then repoſe to reſt. Begin not then to turn to God, when thou canſt not turn thee in thy bed. None can be good too early. Chriſt, who, in all his Examples, meant our Inſtructions; went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The four Ages of men, are reſembled to the four vigils of the night: *The firſt ſignifies, childhood; the ſecond, youth; the third, manhood; the fourth, old age:* The firſt and laſt are ſleepy ages, the other are the vigorous times. Therefore, let a man prepare himſelf, and make himſelf ready in the ſecond and third watch. Theſe are the watches Chriſt mentions for his coming: *Bleſſed is*

Prima, pueritiam; Secunda, adoleſcentiam; Tertia, virilem ætatem; Quarta, ſenectutem adumbrat.

that ſervant, whom his Lord, when he cometh ſhall find ſo doing: But if that ſervant ſay in his heart, My Lord delays his coming; The Lord of that ſervant will come in a day when he looks not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and appoint him his portion with the Hypocrites.

Repentance when to be practiſed.

REpentance alſo in the time of ſickneſs is commonly as ſick as the Party; yielding then, when it cannot reſiſt; and then preparing and repenting, when all other helps and hopes fail.

Eloquent Death, *in his day*, will tell thee, the happineſs of timely repentance: An hour here may obtain a pardon, which all Eternity cannot get hereafter.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance: One ſaith well, Play not the Courtier with your ſoul. The Courtier doth all things late; riſes late, dines late, ſups late, repents late.

Late repentance is ſeldome true. The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time. *All natural motion is more ſwift towards the end.*

Holy

Holy *Job* tells us, *If thy bones be full of the sins of thy youth, they will lye down with thee in the dust.* But, *Let thy sins die before death, and not follow thee to judgment*: When death hath folded up thy days, all opportunity is past. The Cock crowed, but that (*Gallicinium*) cock-crowing, so shrill a voice, could not awake thee; therefore *Cygnicinium*, Swan's Song, that doleful musick, must end the Scene.

Do therefore by thy conscience, as men deal with their Stewards, call it to account. Ply time while you have it; *Imagine thy life to be a market, and that there is neither traffick nor gain to be made afterwards.*

Audies mortem dicentem, Non possis villicare amplius.

In a long misled life, we amass many sins: it will ask great labour to quit them. Great labour, and little time, suit not. Therefore work whilst it is day, *The night cometh, when no man can work.* Watch and pray: *Let prayer be the key of the day, and the lock of the night: Repent and be converted,* (saith Saint *Peter*) *that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come. Few and evil are the days* of the longest lived man; Yet to every man

Sit oratio clavis diei, & sera noctis.

there is a *Triduum*, a ſpace of three days lent: but ſleep not *until the fourth day*, leſt it be ſaid, *He hath layen four days in the grave*: He now ſtinketh.

One obſerveth, that God reſtored life to three men; to one in his Bed, to another on the Bier, to the third in the Grave. They that conceive ſin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his Bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his Bier: But they that defer repentance, and continue in ſin, are like him that was four days dead and ſtank in his Grave. The Primitive Church called them *Bed-rid Chriſtians*, that prepared not for death, but upon their death-bed.

Clinici Chriſtiani.

There is no ſafety in procraſtinating; therefore flatter not thy ſelf by the Thief's example, who repented at the laſt hour. That is not put for imitation, but to keep from deſperation.

It is a ſtrange thing to ſee that old men will not ſee Death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it ſtand at their backs. An old gray-headed man to ſeem young, had coloured his hair black; but the Devil told him, he would not be ſo cozened.

Thou

Thou canst not, fool, deceive all eyes:
Death sees thee gray, through thy disguise.

If a man marks things well, *the world it self grows old.* The common fashion is, to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Physician find some ill symptoms, the Patient may not be disheartened with the name of Death. *Zenas* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physician must have given us over, before we will send for *Barnabas*, the son of consolation: *When the Physician gives over, God begins*, say most men. But at this time, draw not the curtain before the sick, but let him see his sins; for he is the good Physician of my Soul that tells me of my death, when he sees me live in sin. But, The best physick the Patient liketh worst.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will, would die in his sin; yet most men so live, as if they believed *Permission* were the Article of their Faith all their life long, and the Article of *Remission* of sins were reserved till the point of death. No man that truly repents, is refused at any time; but many a one sins so long, that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with grief for opportunity loſt, will repent that ever he lived; and would count it happineſs enough to die, ſo he might then ceaſe to be. But that will not be: Becauſe *Death is without death; always lives and always killeth, but never kills outright.* Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the fool:ſh Virgins. It will be too late to prepare oil, when the Bridegroom is coming. The warning is given, *Be ye ready, for the Son of man comes at an hour.* He ſays not *a year, nor a month; becauſe even they that are ſecure, are not certain of an hour.* He ſaith, *Lo, I come as a thief*; that is, When you ſleep beſt, and think leaſt of him. *When you neither ſee death ruſhing on, nor the Judge approaching, nor the horrour of puniſhment.*

In hell, men ſleep not, becauſe here they ſlept where they ſhould have watched.

Settlement in Religion, is the beſt Preparative for Death.

NOw, As it is wiſdom, To be prepared for death; So, if you will die with

with peace of conſcience, and without trouble of mind, Be well reſolved in point of Religion before you die: play not the Hypocrite, nor the Politick, who cares not what Religion be, ſo ſome be; whoſe rule is, *Religion is matter of cuſtom, rather than of conſcience.*

It is true, that honeſt men muſt have ſomewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For Policy and Religion do as well together, as they do ill aſunder. Religion without policy is too ſimple to be ſafe: Policy without Religion is too ſubtil to be good. Worſe than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldneſs. Never any man was a loſer by Believing: for Faith is ever recompenſed with glory. While thou liveſt, it is not amiſs to make doubts; for it ſhews wit to move a queſtion well; and it ſhews judgment to reſolve it well. Some queſtions argue rather faith than doubt; in multitude of opinions there is but one truth; and amongſt ſundry truths, there is but one neceſſary to ſalvation. But in points of difference, diſtinguiſh; for in reconcilable differences, nothing is more ſafe than indifferency: But in main oppoſitions be not neuter.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not

in doubt. For you ſhall find it a fearful thing to die in doubt, and the comfortableſt thing under heaven, to be well aſſured, and clearly reſolved in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some love to ſee the object of their faith, and ſo are led to Idolatry; Others, to co-operate in the work of their ſalvation, and ſo give part to Merit. *Aſcribe nothing to thy ſelf, is ſafeſt*: There's danger in aſcribing too little to grace, for that robs God of his honour. But if we aſcribe too little to our ſelves, there is no danger on that ſide.

Firſt, If in thy youth, thy parents have taught thee good prayers, to be devoutly prayed (not ſaid only, or read only, but) with lifting up thy mind to God, twice at leaſt every day; and that from thy youth, thou haſt been conſtant in this grace or duty; chuſing rather to miſs a meal, than to forget or omit prayer.

Secondly, If beſides this, thy parents have taught thee the principles of the Chriſtian Faith, Doctrine and Religion, by teaching thee, of the Vow of Baptiſm, of the Articles of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and preparation to it; ſome plain eaſie things.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, If thou haſt all thy life long, often meditated upon, and called to mind thoſe five plain and holy Princip'es and Foundations of our Chriſtian Faith and Religion, and frame thy ſelf in ſome meaſure, according to theſe bleſſed rules, Vow, Creed, &c. And,

Fourthly, If thou feareſt always, repenteſt daily; with confeſſion, ſorrow, a contrite and a broken heart, and believeſt God's promiſes to penitent ſinners, and truſteſt to be ſaved by the Merits and Death of our only Lord and bleſſed Saviour, Chriſt Jeſus: I ſay, if thou haſt been thus taught, and haſt thus lived; thy Religion is right and good, *Pſal. 27. ult. O tarry thou the Lord's leiſure, be ſtrong, and he ſhall comfort thine heart, and put thou thy truſt in the Lord.*

But alas, alas, God be merciful to a ſinful Nation, our lives and converſations are not anſwerable to the good Religion eſtabliſhed. Though, thanks be to God, we want not ſome examples in our Nation, whoſe lives are holy, meek, and humble. Let us follow them, as they follow Chriſt, and die daily by attending to true mortification; and we cannot be unprepared, nor unwilling to die.

When

When this is done, then be of good cheer, for thou ſhalt hear Chriſt (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) ſay unto thy ſick ſoul, as he ſaid unto the ſinful woman; *Go in peace, thy faith hath ſaved thee, Enter thou into thy Maſter's joy.*

Now of the way to die well.

HE that wou'd end his days well, muſt ſpend them well: *'Tis no great matter to live, all do as much; but few die well.*

But death falls ſad and heavy upon ſuch,
Are little known at home, abroad too much.

Man is ready to die before he lives; but therefore he liveth a time in the world, that he may die betime to the world. *His years come to an end as a tale that is told*; his days deceive him, for they paſs as a ſhadow, by Moon-ſhine; then appearing longeſt, when they draw neareſt to an end. *Job* ſaith, *My days are ſwifter than a Poſt, they flee away and ſee no good.*

Things give counſel unto Men, better than Men do to things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents we know, are ſet

up

up to be taken down shortly. We that live here, live by death; for had not Christ died, we had not lived; He died *for* sin, we live *in* sin. Therefore with Saint *Paul* I will say; *My life is not dear to me, so as I may finish my course with joy.*

Do you desire to live a long time? The Son of *Sirach* saith, *A man that is made perfect, in a short time fulfils a long time. And this short life if thou hast learned to use it well, is made long.* The *Spaniard* saith, *A good man lives twice.* *Vir bonus, bis vivit.*

All vertuous men make life's short inch an ell;
This is to live Twice, To employ life well.

He lives twice that bestows the fore-part of his life well. *O* Hannibal, *thou knowest how to get a Victory, but not how to use it.*

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by Victories, not by days; so should good men count their days by the good they do, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of days, saith Saint *Augustine*, *is not, how much is the number of thy days, but of what sort*: That's the *Golden number.* *Numerus dierum non quis sit, sed qui sit.*

Tres ſunt dies hominum. Dies Converſionis, dies Converſationis, dies Reſurrectionis.

Saint *Hierome* ſaith: *Man hath three days; The day of his Converſion, of his Converſation, and of his ReJurrection.* And thus doth *one day* certifie *another.*

Time lent us, flies away in the time that is lent us; every moment coming, being the death of that is paſt; Therefore weigh well every leaſt moment; for it is of ſo great moment, as that upon it depends Eternity of time to come (that Eternity, which is not bounded within the Kalendar of time:) After an hundred thouſand years, Eternity is ſtill as long as it was.

The Art of dying well is better learnt by Practice, than by Precept.

Unto Dying well, three things are moſt requiſite:

1. *Firſt*, To be often meditating upon death.
2. *Secondly*, To be dying daily.
3. *Thirdly*, To die by little and little.

The firſt ſtep of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death brings a Man to die in eaſe; for it alleviates pains,

pains, expells fear, eases cares, cures sins, corrects death it self. The very thought of Eternity will make easie and pleasant all things we suffer in a miserable life.

How can we be said not to die, when we live among the dead? we live with so many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying.

Every Humour in us engenders Diseases enough to kill us, so that our bodies are but living Graves; and we die not because we are sick, but because we live. And when we recover from sickness, we escape not sickness, but the disease: All this life is but a death of an hour.

Do as the Preacher counsels; *What thou hast to do, that do quickly; for in the Grave, whither thou goest, there is neither work, nor discourse, nor travel, nor wisdom, nor conversation, nor fruition of any thing*; all is entombed in sadness, darkness over-shadowing it. Holy *Job* saith, *So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed me: When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.*

Play then the Wise man's part; Measure not life *by the extent, but employment.*

Life

Life is ordained for action, not for fruition. If thou haſt any good to do for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy Friends, *do it quickly*: For though he be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart; yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon. For, *Thy goods are then truly good, if thou beſt good.* Though ſecurity reſt in a mean eſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; and for a ſpiritual end, temporal bleſſings may be deſired. *Abraham* was rich in Cattel, and Silver, and Gold, in great meaſure; but richer in faith above meaſure. But ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoul; nor ſay vainly, *Let us live merrily as long as we live*; and, *Let Fortune diſpoſe all at a venture, as ſhe pleaſeth*: for ſo doth a mind uncertain of ſucceſs relieve it ſelf with poſſibility: *But if thy heart were not fooliſh, thou wouldſt not believe a fooliſh thing.* Wiſdom is Fortune's Miſtreſs; wait on her, and remember, *This night.* The day of vanity being paſt, the night of judgment comes; when both light and delight go out together.

Excellently doth the Book of Wiſdom deſcry the thoughts of a vain voluptuous man, one that thinks himſelf, *the God of the*

the Earth, when he is but *an earthly God*. This Man reaſoning with himſelf, but not aright, ſaith, Our life is ſhort and tedious; againſt death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are born at all adventures, and hereafter ſhall be, as if we had never been: For what is our life? even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vaniſheth away. Our breath is ſmoak, a little ſpark in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turns to aſhes: and our ſpirit vaniſhes like ſoft air. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are preſent, let us fill our ſelves with coſtly Wine and Ointments; Let no Flower of the Spring paſs by us: Let us crown our ſelves with Roſe-buds; leave tokens of our jollity, for this is our portion, and our lot: Let our ſtrength be the Law of Juſtice, for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous Man is not for our turn, he is always contrary to our doings, he upbraideth us with the Law, objects to our infamy the tranſgreſſion of our education. He was made to reprove us; He is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another faſhion.

Such things theſe vain men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they caſt

up

up the account of their own ſins, they ſhall come with fear, and ſay with ſorrow, This was he whom we had ſometimes in deriſion, and made a Proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madneſs, and his end to be without honour. But how is he now numbred amongſt the happy, and his lot amongſt the Saints? What hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought us? All theſe are paſſed away like a ſhadow, and as a Poſt that runneth by. This verifies that ſaying, *That which is delightful, is but ſhort; but that which ſhall torment, is eternal.*

In vain doth man ſtrive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by mere relation. The rich Man hath not ſo much advantage of the poor, by enjoying, as the poor hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and ſuddenly ſhalt thou find all worldly pleaſures turned into waking dreams. *They have ſlept their ſleep, and all the men of riches have found nothing*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt, *Pſal.* 76, 5.

Notwithſtanding, Man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets without end, but all to no end. *And whoſe ſhall thoſe things be, which thou haſt gotten?* Either

ther they pass from you, or your from them. *That is not ours, which is not always ours*: but these things, *If they have not an end of their own, yet they will have thy end.* All the towers in the air that thou hast built, *shall be thrown down at one blow.* Ere long, two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie. Holy *Job* saith, *O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, So man lieth down, and riseth not, till the heavens be no more; they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.*

Privacy with Death, a Soveraign Cordial against Death.

THerefore be acquainted with Death betimes; for, through acquaintance, death will lose his horror; like unto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a monster, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from distaste: walk every day, with *Joseph*, a turn or two in thy garden with death, and thou shalt be well acquainted with the face of death; but shalt never feel the sting of death: Death is black, but comely. *Philostrates* lived seven years in his Tomb, that he might be acquainted with

with it, against his bones came to lie in it.

Some Philosophers have been so wrapt in this contemplation of death, and immortality, that they discourse so familiarly and pleasingly of it, as if a fair death were to be preferred before a pleasant life.

This is well for *Nature*'s part; and Moralists think this enough for their part to conceive so: But *Christians* must go further; and search deeper: *They* must try where the power of death lies. They shall find that the power of every man's death lies in his own sin; That death never hurts a man but with his own weapons: It always turns upon us some sin it finds in us. *The sting of death is sin*: Pluck out the sting, death cannot hurt us. The way to die well, is to die often. Let a man often and seriously think of dying, then let him sin if he can, said *Picus Mirandula*. And herein is our happiness; though we live in sin, yet we die without sin. Therefore to me death is welcome; not as an end of troubles, but of sin. *Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth.*

The

The Second Step, To be dying daily.

THe ſecond Step to Dying-well, is, Tō die daily. Methinks, O my Soul, it is but yeſterday ſince we met, and now we are upon parting; neither ſhall we, I hope, be unwilling to take our leaves: for, what advantage can it be to us to hold out longer together? one piece of me cannot but grow more infirm with uſe and time, and thereupon muſt follow a decay of all faculties and operation: We know *Henoch* was more happy, that was fetch'd away at *three hundred ſixty five years*, than *Methuſelah* at *nine hundred ſixty and nine* difference. Age doth nothing but pull down a ſide, where there are not ſupplies of increaſing abilities. Should we continue our partnerſhip many years longer; could we hope for more health and ſtrength of body, more vigour of underſtanding and judgment, more heat of good affections? Are we not aſſured that if our earthly houſe of this Tabernacle were diſſolved, *we have a building of God, an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*? Why therefore, O my Soul, ſhouldſt thou be loath to part upon fair terms? Thou, O my Soul, to the poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of that happy Manſion, which thy dear Saviour hath, from all Eternity, prepared for thee in his Father's houſe: and thou, O my body, to that quiet repoſitory of the grave; till ye both ſhall happily meet in the bleſſed Reſurrection of the Juſt.

I die, that I may not die. I die daily, ſaith Saint *Paul*. *So many days as thou liveſt, reckon ſo many lives; for he that diſpoſeth all his days as one life, can neither wiſh nor fear to morrow.*

The old ſaying, is a good ſaying; Do that every day, which thou wouldſt do the ſame day that thou dieſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem.* *'Tis an excellent thing to make all we can of life, before death:* But moſt men *go out of life, before they think of death.* Let it be done *willingly*, what we muſt do *neceſſarily*; and what we can do but *once*, let that be done *well*: Yield that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay as a debt at laſt. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more; every man, for his own ends, would be a diſturber of the world's peace while he lived, and make his own peace but juſt when he died.

He that dies daily, ſeldom dies dejectedly;

He

He does easily despise death, who remembers himself to be mortal every day: Likewise, He that will live when he dies, must die while he lives. For if he die not to sin while he lives, his sin will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleasure (saith St. *Paul*) *is dead while she lives.* Live holily, and you shall die happily: Live as though there were no Gospel; Die as though there were no Law. *Strive to be such in thy life, as thou wouldst desire to be at death.*

Two sorts of Death, whereto every man living is subject.

A Living man is subject to a double death; the one *Natural*, the other *Spiritual*. Natural death doth but separate the body from the soul: But Spiritual death separates the soul from God. Of all other it is the most desperate state of life to live naturally, and to be dead spiritually: *Thou hast a name to live, but thou art dead*, said Saint *John* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigal child, returned from his evil ways, it is said, *This my son was dead, but is now alive.*

In

In *Sardis* there grew an Herb called *Apium Sardis*, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly ſick: Such is the operation of ſin. Beware therefore of this [*Riſus Sardonicus*] laughter of *Sardis*.

We count it a fearful thing for a man to be author of his own death; but a ſinful life ſlays the ſoul: and ſo while we live, we kill or loſe our better life. The Commandment that ſays, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, eſpecially forbids the murthering of our own Souls.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worſt death. It is therefore holy wiſdom, for a man to let his ſins die before him. *Let thy vices die before thee*; they, actually; thou, virtually: that ſo when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing elſe to do, but to die.

Thou art afraid of a bitter, ſudden, troubleſome death: wouldſt thou have it delightful, holy and quiet? it is in thine own power to make it ſuch as thou wouldſt have it.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and ſay unto them, as *Job* ſaid to his friends, *Miſerable comforters are you all.*

The

The company is put forth that the Maid may be raised, saith St. *Mark*. Thy soul lies as that Damosel, in trances of death, while she is in the Chambers of pleasure, and is not raised to life; *Until that troop of worldly cares and pleasures be thrust out.* *Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur.*

There is nothing wherein wisdom is more seen, than in the temperate use of pleasures and prosperity (which are but false notes of truth:) nor is there a truer argument of folly, than vainness and excess. *The eyes of fools are always in the ends of the earth*; but, trail not after them.

Sufficient for the day is the sorrow thereof: A day's sickness will make us sensible of life's grief: yet, if life do delight thee (because *Ironies* do deny strongest in affirming) *use it, enjoy it.* But take my counsel, Keep life in exercise of some Calling. For you shall find, that exercise is no more wholesome for the body than the soul: *'Tis no delicate matter to live*; we must labour in some Calling. Wherefore, to see well-born men to despise honest Callings, as now adaies they do, is a pride without profit. And though pride and idleness have at this day banished thrifty diligence out of

great mens houſes; yet we ſee, gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheep-maſter: *Uzziah* the Potent King of *Juda* had not been ſo great a King, had he not been ſo great a husband: Good examples are theſe, to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt be built upon the grounds of Frugality; Frugality and Humility, are thriving virtues: Were a Calling but to keep a man from idleneſs, yet were it a goodneſs: for, the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leiſure to ſin; whereas the idle man hath neither leiſure nor power to avoid ſin. Induſtry in any Calling makes a man capable of better employment, whereas Idlers are fit for nothing but temptations. Time ſpent in hollow viſits, Courtings, Fantaſtick dreſſings, Lawleſs diſports, all turn to loſs.

But however thou entertaineſt Life, uſe it as a *Traveller* doth his *Inn*, for a night, and away: *Yeſterday thou arrivedſt at it, to morrow thou art to depart.* And in thy journey, follow not the common track: For, *He that goes to God, if he go the common road, goes a great way aſide.* But do as a doubtful

Heri appuliſti: Cras decedes.

Ad Deum faciens iter, per trita ſi itur, longius abitur.

ful Pilgrim, ask questions of every one you meet, to set you on your way; left, as St. *Paul* saith, *a Promise being made us of entring into rest, we come short of it.* Herein be as great a questionist as those Religious Ladies of *Rome*, who never let Saint *Hierom* rest for questions, which was the readiest way to Heaven? The world is full of questions, but the best question in the world, is that of the young man in the Gospel: *Good Master, what shall I do, that I may have eternal life?* Some men's questions are instructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learn. Yet, in any case, be none of those Quærists, who must have a reason for every thing in religion; who think to come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true; Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that Skill should make men *Atheists*, when we find it in the Gospel, that no men were so apt to see the Star of Christ, as those Wise men (the Disciples of Philosophy.)

Be dying daily, and you shall soon come to God. If a Man would compare the fore-noon of his age with the after noon;

and observe how long the one is, and how short the other is; every man would be dying daily, and loath to lose a day.

Thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth. According to *David*'s measure, Life is a Span; the longest liver hath but a handful of days; and life it self like a Circle, always begins where it ends.

It was when it was not, but it shall be.

Time was, when Man was not: but how late a beginning soever Man had, yet after death, he shall be sure never to see end; therefore remember the Christian Motto,

Anves eternos semper in mente habe.

Have in thoughts always the years of Eternity.

With the *Ancient of days* there are no days; and the *time shall be, when time shall be no more. That which is over and above, is only above.*

Two common Errors.

THere are two common Errors which deceive most men.

First, That a man enters not into eternal life, till he dies; whereas his effectual calling here begins his life eternal. *This day is salvation come unto thy house*, said Christ

to

to *Zacheus*, when he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time; and makes things future, present.

A pious man so lives here, as if his conversation were in heaven; carrying himself not only honestly, civilly and humanly, but beyond natural comportment: his present life seems super-humane, divine and spiritual; and so by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Blessed is he*, saith Saint *John*, *that hath his part in the first resurrection, for the second death shall have no power over him.*

The second Error is; However a Man lives, yet if at last he seem to die well, then all is well, and his soul is sure to be saved: This is a bold, and a dangerous conceit; for though Misery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miserable man's God; yet humane life, as it hath not a greater friend, so many times not a greater Foe, than Hope. *The delay of good.* *is a certain kind of evil,* Suspended hope, is but a sad comfort. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali.*

Yet many would die, did no hope sustain them: but more have died, flattered with vain hope. *Not every one that saith, Lord,*

Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Enter into the first degree of life eternal here, or thou maist die eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon me*, in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first resurrection, which is from sin to grace: that so I may enjoy the second resurrection, which is from dust to Glory. *Thou hast brought me* (saith *David*) *out of the dust of death.*

To die by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to Dying well is, to die by little and little.

Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying, by little and little: every sin is more than a disease, and wicked life makes a continual death. *Impiè vivere, est diu mori*; *To live wickedly, is to be long a dying*: Therefore saith the good Man, *We are killed all the day long.*

Toto die mortificamur.

He that useth this course every day, To die by little and little, to him (let Death come when it will) it can neither be terrible nor sudden. If

If we keep a Courser to run a Race, we lead him daily over the place, to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when he comes upon his speed, he do not start or turn aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our souls; and then *we shall run with boldness the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus, the Author and finisher of our salvation.*

To die by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser sins, and not to say with *Lot*, *Is it not a little one?*

We may not wash our hands of crying and bloody sins; and hug in our bosoms beloved and Herodian sins, sins of higher tincture: *This is to bear with, not to bear away sin.* Saint *Augustine* says finely, *Delinquencies delighted in are to be forsaken.* Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retain those they love best; and, by changing them into better terms, would turn them from being sins; as *Pride*, that discontented sin, must be counted State, Vanity Civility; Dissimulation Courtship; *Anger* Courage; *Wantonnizing*, a trick of youth; *Swearing, a certain kind of discourse rather than sin*; but take heed specially of these sins, as

Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda.

that make a virtue a ſin, and ſin to ſeem a virtue.

Many vices counterfeit themſelves to be virtues. A man, ſaith *Plato*, may do ill; but to diſguiſe it, or defend it, is to out-face Truth. Sin's property is, to work upon ſome vice; but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a *Phœnix*-pride. So, to be drunk for company is a ſin, worſe than ſin: for, other ſins move ſhame, but hide it; this diſplays it. Therefore forced healths at great Feaſts is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus*'s Feaſt every man's rule was his own choice; and the civility of the very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſin; yet of ſinners, if either party be wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentives from ſin, that live either amongſt friends or enemies; for, *friends* may not be grieved; *enemies* may not be provoked.

Be wiſe therefore in good fellowſhip; no man is ſo wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices; for betwixt ſome vices there is an antipathy; nor is any man ſo lewd, as not to be ſometimes in good moods, and diſlike ſome ſins. The world were not to live in, if all ſins were affected by all men. But certainly

certainly great sins will never be conquered, if little sins be cherished: formal penitents will easily part with so much of their sin, as may abate nothing of their profit.

There be also a sort of little deaths, sickness of body, loss of friends, and the like: Use these in their kind, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modest beginnings have hopeful proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees. The Prophet *David* went, step by step, and so *compassed God's Altar*; God himself made nothing absolute at first. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatness is the course of the world. Wherefore they say in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a speedy advancement leaves wise.

Every change is a certain imitation of death. Let a man go out as he came into the world; which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he says, *O Lord, teach me and guide me.* He will not run, till he be taught to go.

Teach me to do thy Will, and lead me, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is Land on earth; which by labour yields us all pleasure; that's not it.

There is *refined earth*; beautified bodies which we bear about us: Nor is this it.

There is *the glorious Land of promise*; that's the Land we seek. Into this Land, *O Lord, lead me.*

To die daily, is this: daily to attend upon and exercise that great duty of Mortification, according to our solemn Vow and Covenant made to God, at our Baptism: which Vow and Covenant, we renew, at our first coming to the holy and blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Alas, how few do consider, or understand this great duty of Mortification, and fewer practise it. And yet this, above all others, is the Grace which fitteth and prepareth us for Death; this Grace putteth us into the possession of life Spiritual; and, by perseverance in it, into life Eternal, *Rom.* 8. 13. *If ye live after the flesh*; that is, after the appetites, lusts, affections of the flesh, *ye shall die*, both the first, and the second death. *But if ye, through the Spirit*, enlightning

and

and assisting you, *do mortifie the deeds of the body*, the concupiscences and sins which are done in the body, *ye shall live* the life of Grace on earth, and the life of Glory in Heaven. *All that are* truly *Christ's, have Crucified* and Mortified (or at least begun this great good work) *the flesh, with the affections*, passions *and lusts*, Gal. 5. 24. If we either hope to appear with Christ in glory, or fear the wrath of God, which cometh on the Children of disobedience; (as surely all good Christians have both this *fear*, and this *hope* in their hearts;) we must *mortifie our members, that are on the earth, Fornication, Uncleanness, Inordinate Affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is Idolatry*, Col. 3. 4, 5, 6. Few of us are prepared for death, or willing to die, because we are altogether unmortified to the pleasures, riches, and honours of these our vile bodies, and of this wicked world wherein we live. But give me a person, young or old, rich or poor, who doth day and night, meditate upon, and exercise himself in, true Christian Mortification; (such persons there are, no doubt, for such were all the holy Martyrs and Saints in all Ages,) and he will say; *For me to live, is Christ; and to die, is gain.* If

am not afraid to die; I am not ashamed to live. *My life is hid with Christ in God*, I am crucified and dead to the world, and the world to me; we are greed: I have nothing to do with the world, nor the world with me. Riches, pleasures, honours transport me not, affect me not; nor am I dejected and afflicted with poverty, common pains, sicknesses, disgrace or scorn. Christ liveth in me, and I in him; therefore, I humbly thank the power of his grace, I can die as willingly as I can go out of one room into another.

Behold the power and victory of true Christian Mortification, let no man be so ignorant and simple as to think to die happily all at once: no, no, we must be dying daily, many years together, before we can be willing to die; and the soul glad to depart out of the prison of the body, and to enter into the Master's joy. (*Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly*, saith the wearied soul.) Mortifie totally and finally all sin, and sinful lusts in me; and so shall I live for ever and ever, with my God, through our Saviour's Merits, Mediation and Intercession. *Amen.*

For the manner of dying.

AMongſt men it is a matter of chief mark, the manner of a mans death, *The chief good of man, is his good departure out of this life.* *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you die, ſet your houſe in order: He that hath not a houſe, yet hath a ſoul: no ſoul can want affairs to ſet in order, for this final diſſolution.

The chief grace of the Theatre, is the laſt Scene. It is the evening that crowns the day; and we think it no good ſign of a fair Morrow, when the Sun ſets in a cloud: *The end crowns every work.* Yet I perſwade my ſelf, that night cannot but be happy, whoſe day hath been holy. *Finis coronat opus.*

David, in a deep contemplation upon the manner of man's dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *O Lord, Lord, the iſſues of death belong to thee.*

Live religiouſly, and thou ſhalt die comfortably.

All men, as men, die naturally; as Chriſtians, ſhould die religiouſly. The good man

man can equally live or die; for he knows, if he live, God will protect him; if he die, God will receive him.

Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of life, saith *Christ*.

Now when this great Adversary, Death, like a proud Giant, comes stalking out in his fearful shape, insults over our frail Mortality, daring the world to match him with an equal Champion; while an whole host of worldlings shew him their backs for fear, the true Christian (armed only with confidence and resolution of his future happiness) dares boldly encounter him, and can wound him in the forehead (the wonted seat of terrour) and trampling upon him, can cut off his head with his own sword; and victoriously returning, can sing in triumph, *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?* An happy victory! We die, and are not foiled; yea, we are conquerors in dying; we could not overcome death, if we died not.

That dissolution is well bestowed, that parts the soul from the body, that it may unite both unto God. All our life here is but a Vital death; how advantagious is that death that determines this false and dying life, and begins a true one, above

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all the titles of happineſs! The Epicure or Sadducee dare not die, for fear of not being. The guilty and looſe Worldling dares not die, for fear of being miſerable. The diſtruſtful and doubting Semi-Chriſtian dares not die, becauſe he knows not whether he ſhall be miſerable, or not be at all. The reſolved Chriſtian dares, and would die, becauſe he knows he ſhall be happy; and looking merrily towards heaven (the place of his reſt) can unfeignedly ſay, I deſire to be diſſolved. I ſee thee, my home, I ſee thee (a ſweet and glorious home after a weary Pilgrimage) I ſee thee, with admiration and raviſhment of Soul! and by the goodly beams that I have ſeen, gueſſed at the glory that is above them! How oft have I ſcorned theſe dead and unpleaſant pleaſures of earth, in compariſon of thine! I come now (my Joys) I come to poſſeſs you.

Moſt men wiſh a ſhort Death, becauſe death is always accompanied with pain. *We die groaning.* To lye but an hour under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we think beyond the ſtrength of humane patience: He that *deſires to be diſſolved, and be with Chriſt*, dies not only patiently, but delightfully. Happy is he, that

after

after due preparation, dies ere he be aware; So likewise is he happy that, by long sickness, sees death a far off; for the one dies like *Elias*, the other like *Elisha*; both blessedly.

The best posture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exercise of our calling: *Press*, saith St. *Paul*, *towards the mark for the prize of the high calling*, Phil. 3.

When thou art heavy unto death, then shew a lively Faith, for at that time a stupid patience is worse than passion. When thou art speechless, use that, *Silentium loquax*, *speaking silence*; tears from thy heart. *Tacuit* Petrus, *sed flevit*: Peter *was silent, but he wept*; and it was accounted to him for eloquence: for, *Affectum prodidit, it discovered his affection.* A Tear is but a dissolved Pearl, a Pearl but a condensed Tear; At this time turn words into Tears, and they will turn Pearls. He that made the mouth, is not taken with words. *A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise.*

When thou art dying, lye sorrowing for thy sins, yet not despairing; for there is joy in grief, where the sorrow is for sins; *I am the man*, saith *Jeremy*, *that have seen sorrows*: But this *grief of sin*, makes *a joy*

in

in ſorrow. There is more joy in heaven for one ſinner that repenteth, than, &c. Luke 15. 7.

Before thou dieſt, vow thy ſoul to God; for he that commands thee to vow, will help thee to pay. Offer ſacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart; If thou haſt not a Lamb, that is, Meekneſs; or Bullock, that is, Bountifulneſs; yet offer a young Pigeon, that is, Well-wiſhing; or a pair of Turtles, that is, a Groan; a ſound of ſorrow, that thou haſt no better. As God loves not empty hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſs by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied Men, and Stories, do obſerve, that the greateſt Men and beſt Wits, when once they come to find their own mortality, do then with ſtrongeſt reſolutions quit the World: apply themſelves wholly to devotion; and ſo end their days with the moſt quietude in peace.

A good Man, by his good will, would die praying; and do as the Pilgrim doth, go on his way ſinging, and ſo adds the pains of ſinging to that of going; Who yet, by this ſurplus of pain, unwearies himſelf of pain.

But ſome wretches think God rather curious,

xious, than they faulty, if a few ſighs, with a [*Lord have mercy upon us*] be not enough at the laſt gaſp.

Weakneſs muſt not argue, but yield: God hath ſaid it, and they ſhall find it: *Not every one that ſaith Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father, which is in Heaven.*

Commonly good men are beſt at laſt, even when they are dying: for they ſeldom die of a ſin-ſickneſs.

It was a ſpeech worthy the commendation, and frequent remembrance of ſo divine a Biſhop as *Auguſtine*, which is reported of an aged Father in his time; who, when his friends comforted him on his ſick bed, and told him, they hoped he ſhould recover; anſwered, *If I ſhall not die at all, well; but if ever, why not now?* Surely it is folly, What we muſt do, to do unwillingly. I will never think my Soul in a good caſe, ſo long as I am loath to think of dying; and will make this my comfort, not that I ſhall yet live longer, but I ſhall yet do more good; *For thou ſhalt come to the grave in a full age, like as a ſhock of corn cometh in his ſeaſon*: Job 5. 26.

The ſickneſs of the ſoul hath this advantage

tage of the bodies ſickneſs; it never languiſheth under the Phyſician's hand; when it ſeems at worſt, then it is beſt; *no ſooner*, ſaith *David*, *I am ſick*; but *Nathan* tells him, *Thou art well*; no ſooner ſays he, *I have ſinned*, and muſt die; but the Prophet tells him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſin, thou ſhalt not die.* Thus doth repentance make pardon co-extaneous with the fault.

But it is juſt with God, that they who live without repentance, ſhould die without comfort. Woe is him, whoſe bed is made in Hell! Know this, and believe it, all our happineſs here is holineſs, and holineſs hereafter ſhall be our happineſs.

There is no Spectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man; to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. *Curiouſly didſt thou make me in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David*: but to ſee thoſe Elements which, compounded, made the body; to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a ruful ſight. So dependent is the life of Man, that it cannot want one Element; Fire and Air, theſe fly upward; Water and Earth, theſe ſink downwards; ſo living Man becomes a dead carcaſe; *The breath of Man goeth out, he turns again to Earth, and then*

all

all his thoughts perish. And what is Man, but for his thoughts?

Every dying Man carries Heaven and Earth wrapped up in his bosom, and at this time each part returns homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuse his own death, which was some ease to him. *As being to sail* (saith he) *I may be allowed to chuse my Ship; and, to dwell in any place, my house: so it is as meet that I chuse that kind of death, by which I shall depart from this life.*

But better saith another, *These things are foolishly cared for; Every man ought to approve his life to others, but his death to himself alone.*

But since it is so great a matter to die, so necessary to die well, so dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to lose it.

Certainly death hath great dependency on the course of man's life, and life it self is as frail as the body which it animates. Augustus Cæsar *accounted that to be the best death which is quick and unexpected, and which beats not at our doors by any painful*

Augustus Cæsar, *bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nulla ægritudine præsaret fores.*

painful sickness. So often as he heard of a man that had a quick passage, with little sense of pain, he wished for himself that *Euthanasie*: While he lived he used to set himself between his two friends *Groans and Tears.* When he died he called for his Looking-glass, commanded to have his Hair and Beard kembed, *his riv'led Cheeks smoothed up.* Then asking his friends, if he acted his part well, *When they answered, Yes; why then, says he, do you not all clap your hands for me?*

Alexander the Great did ask the *Indian* Philosopher, How long a man should live: saith he, Until he think it better to die than live: but St. *Paul* is our best pattern, who being weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cryed out (*as one desiring, rather than despairing*) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death!*

There be many that chuse rather to die quickly, than to live long sickly: *They desire not a long life, but a merry*; yet better were it for them, *to be sick sometimes*, than *to be always in health.* For *a wicked health*, will make them thank Nature, and forget God.

Some, on the other side, will invite Death to do them the kindness, To take them

them soon out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a man's life; *yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.* If life come once, to be a displeasure, then death comes to do us a pleasure: and for this (saith *Tully*) *a man is more beholding to Nature: because she gave only one entrance to life, but many ways to go out. But this, is not the way to heaven*; Christians know better ways, as how to live in Grace, that they may die in Peace; *in peace, into peace*: and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reserved.

Quod unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus vero multos.

O, saith a good man, How safe is the condition of God's Children, whom very pain easeth, death revives, sin glorifies!

Yet there is not the strongest body, nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point of death, is subject to some trepidations and qualms of fear. For the soul which comes into the body without any sensible pleasure, goes not out of the body without the sense of pain. And it troubles many a good soul, to see men of the best lives, to have distempered and perplexed ends: Some raving, some despairing, some dying suddenly; and seldom any have so bitter draughts,

raughts, as thoſe whom God loves beſt.

Natural Diſtempers.

IT is fit therefore, to take notice of the natural Cauſes. Deſpair in dying, may as well ariſe from weakneſs of nature, as from trouble of mind: but by neither of theſe can he be prejudiced, that hath lived well.

Mark the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: his body may be ſick, but his mind is ſound: for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickneſs*, and in the inſtant of a ſharp ſeparation, his ſoul finds it ſelf happy: for he knows, *Si durius ſeponitur, melius reponitur; though it be put off painfully, yet it is laid up joyfully.*

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, than coming from the mind. For upon death's approaches, choler fuming to the Brain, will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient Soul. In theſe caſes, the faireſt and trueſt judgment to be made is, that Sins of ſickneſs occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill ſigns or preſages;

Filius tantarum lachrimarum.

A ſon of ſo many tears, cannot but be ſaved. I will not deſpair in reſpect of that man's impatient dying, whom the worm of conſcience had not devoured living.

Seldom any enter into glory with eaſe: yet the Jews ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoul was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſs: ſome have their paſſion *in death*; that is *bitter*, becauſe it is *inward*: ſome *before death*; that is *bitter*, becauſe it is *outward*.

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, ſpare me a little. O ſpare me, that I may recover my ſtrength, before I go hence, and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezekias* ſome years of days were lent: but we are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring back the ſhadow of degrees, when once it is gone down in the Dial of *Ahaz*; we muſt time it as we may, and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore, as a ſick man hearkens to the Clock, ſo let us watch Death. For ſudden coming of Death, finding a weak ſoul unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

What

What death is to be accounted Sudden.

Sudden Death of it self is not therefore evil, because it is sudden; but because it may take us away suddenly, our souls being unprepared. The good man never dies unprepared, because his perseverance in goodness, is a providence against sudden death.

To a Man well prepared, sudden Death is but a quicker passage; and is not to be accounted a sudden death, but a sudden departure, because it came not unlooked for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (saith the Book of *Wisdom*) yet shall he be at rest, because he hath made his peace before-hand. His departure is no misery, for his hope is full of Eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (so often stiled *Son of Man*) to him God says, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his Wife) *with a stroke suddenly*, and *yet thou shalt not weep.*

Let not pleasant pleasures of life allure, nor cares thereof possess thee; then cannot sudden death surprize thee.

Mors nulli improviſa, cui ſit provida vita.

Death can no man ſnap unawares,
Whoſe life is full of holy cares.

But if a man do not prepare to die, he may live ſeven years in a Conſumption, and yet die a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is unprepared:

They take their mark amiſs, who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death: If you know the goodneſs of a man's life, miſ-judge him not by any ſtrangeneſs of his death.

Though other men can beſt judge of our actions, yet man's heart can beſt judge of himſelf. When a man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall give the evidence with or againſt him. Many that live wickedly, would ſeem to die holily, more for fear to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodneſs. To theſe men there is, *a three-fold evil which remains to the laſt*; Which is, *Horror in exitu, Dolor in tranſitu, Pudor in conſpectu Dei: Fear in their departure, Grief in their paſſage, Shame when they come in the ſight of God.* If my life

life please God. I am sure my death shall pleasure me. Christ never leaves any of his at parting. *Elijah* would not leave *Elisha*, though he put him off twice, because he knew there was a blessing to come, when they parted. It is a great happiness to die in ease. That man's end is easie, whom death finds with a weak body, and a strong soul.

O my Lord, it is thou that must raise up this faint and drooping heart of mine, thou canst rid me of this weak and cowardly distrust; thou that sendest for my soul, canst prepare me for thy self; thou only canst make thy messenger welcome to me: O that I could but see thy face through death! O that I could see death, not as it was, but as thou hast made it! O that I could heartily pledge thee my Saviour, in this cup, that so I might drink new wine with thee in thy Father's Kingdom.

But alas, O my God! Nature is strong and weak in me at once, I cannot wish to overcome death, as it is worthy; when I look for most courage, I find strongest temptations: I see and confess, that when I am my self, thou hast no such coward as I; let me alone, and I shall shame that name of thine, which I have professed; every secure Worldling shall laugh

at my feebleneſs. O God, were thy Martyrs thus haled to their ſtakes? might they not have been looſed from their racks, and yet choſe to die in thoſe torments. Let it be no ſhame to thy ſervant to take up that complaint which thou madeſt of thy better attendants; [The Spirit is willing, but the Fleſh is weak.]

O thou God of Spirits, that haſt coupled theſe two together, unite them in a deſire of their diſſolution! Weaken this fleſh, and encourage this ſpirit either to deſire, or to contemn death; and now, as I grow nearer to my home, let me increaſe in the ſenſe of my joys: I am thine; ſave me, O Lord; It was thou that didſt put ſuch courage into thy ancient and late Witneſſes, that they either invited or challenged death; and held their perſecutors their beſt friends, for letting them looſe from theſe gyves of fleſh. I know thine hand is not ſhortned, neither any of them hath received more proof of thy former mercies; Oh let thy goodneſs enable me to reach them, in the comfortable ſtedineſs of my paſſage: Do but draw this vail a little, that I may ſee thy glory; and I cannot but be inflamed with the deſire of it. It was not I, that either made this body for the earth, or this ſoul for my body, or this heaven for my ſoul, or this glory of heaven, or this entrance into glory: All is thine own work;

O

O perfect what thou haſt begun; that thy praiſe and my happineſs may be conſummate at once.

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon, Why there is ſuch a Conflict in Death; *Becauſe then Life either conquers, or is conquered.* So is it with the ſoul of man, at the point of death. *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur.*

Yet a good man doth not always die in exerciſe of his goodneſs; but, as a wiſe man when he ſleeps, loſeth not his knowledge; no more doth a good man his graces, though he die in diſtemper; for habitudes of goodneſs do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion is, If a Man die quietly, and go away like a Lamb, (which in Conſumptions and dull diſeaſes, moſt men do) then ſure he goes to Heaven; but if he be diſtempered, and of frantick behaviour, (which happens to many through extream inflammation) then ſure he goes to Hell. This is a judgment from Nature, and not of Religion; and in this caſe truſt not natural judgment, for it is arted with ſubtilties of Phyſick: Man works by likely means, God many times by contraries.

He that can ſhut his eyes every night with a quiet conſcience, ſhall meet with leaſt diſturbances when death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; nor will he care who ſhuts up his Bodily eyes, when Death it ſelf opens his Soul's eyes, Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eys, than ever we could do open eyed; Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blind, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy and peace, in a dying man, is a hopeful behaviour: Yet we ſee the clear Stars that are ſo delightful to behold, bring forth their rayes by ſparklings and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travel and hard aſſays: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languours, many agonies, many iterated endeavours; travelling of Death, as in a Child birth; ſorrows, torments, pains, being then Death's Agents. But if the paſſages of the ſoul lie open to God, without interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſs with a ſweetneſs, and that without diſturbance.

Natural cauſes will have their operations, but it is the God of Nature that commands them; it is his property ſometimes

to

to work ſupernaturally by nature. Diſpute not with God. Give Nature leave to cavil, and we cannot be good Chriſtians.

But truſt to this: *Believe aright, and live as you believe, and you cannot but die in ſafety.* If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world ſo fix you to the world, as to deſire longer life; Prolongation of life is no pleaſure, but ſo long as it goes well with us. *Sæpè in hoc eſſe, bonum eſt, non Diù: To be often in this is good, but not to be long.* Shortneſs of life is no unhappineſs, *It is nothing to the purpoſe whether we die ſoon or late; but whether we die well or ill.*

The Book of wiſdom ſaith, Henoch *was ſoon taken away, leſt it ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul.*

In the beginning of the world, when men lived in greateſt innocency, God gave them longer life; but after, when the ſin of man, and the abuſe of time increaſed, then God ſhortned their days. The Patriarch *Jacob* ſays, *Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and I have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my Fathers, in the days of their Pilgrimage.*

Had preſent death been evil, or long

life good, *Cain* had been slain, and *Abel* had survived: but Death commonly begins first, where God loves best: *His soul, saith* the Son of *Syrach*, *pleased God, therefore hasted he to take him away.*

Seldom is excellency in any kind long-lived. We see the best men live not longest: and indeed it were injurious to wish, that goodness should hinder any one from happiness.

The best cannot be happy, but by dissolution, their dying being but a change, going from evil to good; hopes putting in them such a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures else are lost to us, ours but changed to God.

If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgment; if he die soon, it is but to hasten it.

One man seems to die casually, another violently; both, by destiny; all men, by decree.

The end of our present life ought to be such, as we desire the beginning of our future life: Nor is the place material where we die so we die well.

Moses died upon one Hill, *Aaron* upon another

nother Hill, but both where they might see the Land of Promise. A happy view!

Be as ready to die as *Moses* was, when there was no more between God and him, but [*Moses, go up and die.*] With such a sociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a Feast.

Nec mihi mors gravis est Posituro morte dolores.

Death cannot chuse but please
Them, whose griefs by dying cease;

But, O my Soul! what ails thee to be thus suddenly backward and fearful? No heart hath more freely discoursed of death, in speculation; no tongue hath more extolled it in absence. And now that it is come to thy bed-side, and hath drawn thy curtains, and takes thee by the hand, and offers thee service, thou shrinkest inward; and by the paleness of thy face, and wildness of thine eye, bewrayest an amazement at the presence of such a guest. That face which was so familiar to thy thoughts, is now unwelcome to thine eye. I am ashamed of this weak irresolution. Whitherto have tended all thy serious Meditations?

What hath Christianity done to thee, if thy fears be still heathenish? Is this thy Imitation of so many worthy Saints of God, whom thou hast seen entertain the violentest death with Smiles and Songs? Is this the fruit of thy long and frequent instruction? Didst thou think Death would have been content with words? Didst thou hope it would suffer thee to talk, while all other suffer? Where is thy Faith? Yea, where art thou my self, O my soul? Is Heaven worthy of no more thanks, of no more joy? Shall Hereticks, shall Pagans give death a better welcome than thou? Hath thy Maker, and thy Redeemer sent for thee, and art thou loath to go? Hath he sent for thee, to put thee in possession of that glorious Inheritance, which thy Wardship hath chearfully expected; and art thou loath to go? Hath God, with this Serjeant of his, sent his Angels to fetch thee; and art thou loath to go? Rouse up thy self for shame, O my Soul! and if ever thou hast truly believed shake off this Unchristian diffidence, and address thy self joyfully for thy glory.

All motions tend to rest. *Return then to thy Rest, O my soul! for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.*

Assurance of Life after Death.

AWake and sing, saith the Prophet *Esay, ye that dwell in dust; for, thy dew is the dew of Herbs, and the Earth shall cast out her dead. Thy dead men shall live; with my body shall they arise*, Isa. 26.

For a real assurance to us, that both our Bodies, and our Souls, shall one day be in heaven; there are three bodily Inhabitants already gone thither: *Enoch*, before the Law; *Elijah*, under the Law; *Christ*, under the Gospel; yet, for further assurance, Christ himself hath said it, *Because I live, ye shall live also. I am the resurrection and the life. He that believed in me, though he were dead, yet shall be live.* Although my flesh be eaten with Worms, these Worms turned to dust, blown thorow the earth, yet after thou hast turned all to destruction, again thou sayest, *Come again, ye children of men.* Therefore, *O death, where is thy sting, O Grave, where is thy victory?* saith St. *Paul.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, said *Job*, *but no further: here shall thy proud waves be stayed: Death shall only reach to thy body, but shall proceed no further.* It stands not with Divinity,

vinity, nor is it conſonant to Reaſon, that Man, for whom all things ſpring, ſhould not have his Spring and riſe again. I ſee worms, and flies, and other creatures (that ſpend the Winter ſeaſon in a kind of Death) revive in the Spring. I ſee my ſelf dead every night, and alive in the morning: doubt not therefore of this Article of Belief, of all moſt comfortable; *I know whom I have truſted*, ſaith St. *Paul*, and I am aſſured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day. *And they ſhall be mine*, ſaith God by the Prophet *Malachy*, *in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

What: Is it a Name that troubles thee? What if men ſhould call Sleep Death, wouldſt thou be afraid to cloſe thy eyes? What hurt is it then, if he that ſent the firſt ſleep upon Man, whilſt he made him an Helper, ſend this laſt and ſoundeſt ſleep upon me, while he prepares my ſoul for a glorious Spouſe to himſelf? It is but a parting which we call Death, as two Friends when they have lead each other on the way, ſhake hands, and they return from their journey: if either ſhould miſcarry, there were cauſe of ſorrow; now that they are more ſure of meeting than of a parture, what

what folly is it, not to be content to redeem the unspeakable gain of so dear a Friend with a little intermission of enjoying him? He will return laded, with the riches of Heaven, and will fetch his old partner to the participation of this glorious wealth. Go then, my Soul, to this sure and gainful Traffick, and leave my other half in a Harbour as safe, though not so blessed; yet so shalt thou be separated, that my very dust shall be united to thee still, and to my Saviour in thee.

Resurgam, I shall rise again, said good Bishop *King*, *It is now time to awake, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed*; nor will I fear how this body of mine shall appear another day: For I am promised by him that will perform, it shall not be found naked; but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The Children of the Resurrection die no more, for they are equal to the Angels. If thy life *be hid with Christ in God*, then, *when Christ, who is thy life shall appear, thou shalt appear in Glory.*

I go to my Father, and to your Father, saith Christ in the Gospel: There is great Divinity in these Pronouns, *meum & tuum*, *Mine and*

and Thine; they are words of assurance to men's souls; though in men's estates they are the ground of all controversies. *I know that my Redeemer lives.* But I do not therefore know this, because I will know it: for the Will cannot invade the Understanding. How then do I know it? Not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur: Faith is not believed, but perceived.* Things are not so, because we are perswaded they are so; but, because they be so, therefore we are so perswaded. The woman with child knows she is so, when she feels it stir lively: So the Spirit of God assures our Spirit, when we livelily feel his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* saith, *Though after the skin, worms destroy the body, yet in my flesh I shall see God for my self: and mine own eyes shall behold him, and not another's.*

The soul, the lost Pearl (which to find, a Man should have given all he had) shall there be found engraven in a body of gold; whereas here it was poorly set in clay. Let us learn then, that every child of God, after his departure out of the World, goeth unto his Heavenly Father's Bosom; where all tears are wiped from his eyes, and cares from his heart. He which came with his garments

garments red from *Bozra*, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is; saith St. *John*. *Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you*; and, *Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's pleasure to give you the Kingdom*. Tarry but a little while, and *he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry*.

A Man, saith *Chrysostom*, *would dwell in his Contemplation, and be loath to come out of it*. Nay, saith St. *Augustine*, *A Man might age himself in it, and sooner grow old than weary*.

The Fourth General Division.

IV.

Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.

SEneca saith, The last day judgeth all the precedent. *The last is the best*; dying words are weightiest, and make deepest impressions,

pressions. Our last thoughts are readiest to spend themselves upon somewhat that we loved best while we lived. *Jezabel* at last was more taken up with seeming fair, than being happy. *And then when even ready to die*, she was busied about it, because she loved her face more than her Soul.

—— *Et tunc quoque, versus ad Idam.*

The soul it self, when it is entring into glory, breaths Divine things: At this time a good man's tongue is in his breast, not in his mouth; his words are then so pithy and so pectoral, that he cries, O Lord Jesus, take thine own into thy own custody! Seeing I am now to leave this life, receive my Spirit at the hour of my Death into thy Heavenly habitation.

Anatomists say, There are strings in a man's tongue, which go to his heart; when these break, Man speaks his heart. *Oh that they were wise* (said *Moses*) *and would understand, and fore-see their latter end*; when he was dying. Christ's last words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*; Our answer is, *Amen: Even so come Lord Jesus*, &c.

As in greatest extremities good Physicians leave Drugs, and minister only Cordials; so deal by thy soul when Death approaches:

proaches: Lay thee down and sleep in peace, cast away all worldly cares, entertain only thoughts that will animate thy weak body, and refresh thy thirsty soul, as did that *Dew of Hermon*, falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When sickness undresses man for death, then *Job's Scio, I know*, and St. *Paul's Cupio, I desire*, are the words of sweetest comfort.

Man, saith *Jeremy*, *puts his mouth at last to the dust, if so be there may be hope.* But rely not longer on the Physician; Earthly means are for use, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man, whose last day is his best day.

All the while I lived (said a good Man) I was going on my journey, *in via, in my way*, but not *in patria, in my Country*; but now that I am dying, I find my self near home, I am come to Mount *Sion*, I will not therefore sit down on this side *Jordan*, but hasten to the Heavenly *Jerusalem*; whither when I come, I shall there see my God face to face; hear my Saviour say, *Well done good servant, It is my Father's will to give thee a Kingdom.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me? but will he

give

give me a Kingdom? And shall not I be glad, when God shall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdom? If Christ be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord, let me be prepared for that place. Blessed Eternity! Where art thou? I am seeking for thee, and I see thee coming towards me. Now, methinks I hear my soul say; *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?* O Lord, why ad thou so far off? why tarriest thou?

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of Earth. *Woe is me, that my pilgrimage is so prolonged on Earth! Woe is me, that I still remain in Meshech, and dwell in the Tents of Kedar! It is enough, Lord,* as *Elias* said in the wilderness, *Take now away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers were. My soul thirsteth for thee; When shall I come and appear before thee?* Nay, my soul is now grown so high minded, that she saith, *I am more worth, and born to more worthy things, than to be the slave of my own body.* Man is not quiet, till he be more than Man: Let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will not content him. Bare Philosophy made such impression in *Socrates*; that *lying condemned in prison, he discoursed to his Scholars concerning the body, as concerning*

another

another prison: counting the Body to be a worse prison to the Soul, than that prison was to him.

Plato, when he saw one over-indulgent to his body, by high feeding it, asked what he meant, to make his prison so strong? When you pamper the flesh, you do but victual the Enemy.

The body, at best, is but the living Coffin of the Soul, as the Grave is the dead Coffin of the Body; it is but a Couch, whence our bodies, which have a long time slept in the grave, shall be Roused up again by the sound of the Trumpet, and raised up by the power of our Blessed Saviour, who dyed for our sins, and rose again for our justification.

Thus doth Divine contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; therefore it is but the duty of Man, to know the dignity of his Soul; which is so heavenly ambitious, as it will not let Heaven alone, till it may see, as it is seen. *Gravata est anima mea*, *My soul is oppressed*, my Body is a burden to my Soul; it hath had honour enough, to have been so long companion with it: Wherefore now, as Saint *Hierom* saith, *Egredere, ô Anima, egredere*; *Go forth, my soul, go forth.*

What-

What dost thou longer here on Earth, O thou my Heaven-born Soul.

Septuaginta annos servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times.

The Hermite, sitting on his Turf, said to his Soul; *Thou hast served God these sixty years, and art thou now afraid to die? Go out of this Ark of flesh, O my soul! for I now smell the savour of rest; Haste it self is slow unto desire.* As Christ said to his Disciples; *Let us arise, and go hence*: So say to thy Soul; *Arise, my soul, from the world; let us go up to Heaven.*

Though my Soul, as a Bird, for necessity sake hath been fain to stay a while here upon Earth; yet willingly would it be soaring in the skies: but I find that, *This life is an hindrance unto that, for whose sake we live.* Especially when I hear my Saviour say, *Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory. To him that is faithful unto death, I will give a Crown of life.* Sybilla before Christ, and Plato likewise, do both agree, that the union of Man's soul with God, is that true felicity, which all Philosophy aimed at. Therefore, *I have earnestly desired my dismission from this prison, that I may resort to face to him whom my soul loveth*; and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest

eſt thy ſelf, and glorified Spirits enjoy thee.

Shew me the father, and it ſuffiseth. Surely, ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, in his Meditations, *O Lord, thou haſt made us for thy ſelf, and our hearts can never be quiet until they come unto thee. Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord*, ſaith St. *John*, *Yea*, ſaith the *Spirit*, *they reſt from their labours, and their works follow them.* O thou ſource of the Springs of *Libanus*, my ſoul now thirſteth to be with thee, in the twilight; betwixt the day of Life, and night of Death.

Domine creâsti nos propter te; & inquietum erit cor noſtrum donec perveneriat ad te. Rev. 14.

Certainly, a good Soul thus employing it ſelf, in that hour, will not leave the felicity it ſhall have in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration from death to life, for all the joys that life-paſt did ever tender it.

Good St. *Auguſtine*, in an high ſpeculation, endeavouring to expreſs this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old Man, *Father Auguſtine. What art thou about to do? A Man may as well draw in all the Air in the World with a breath, as expreſs to the life what thou art now about: Not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſs it.*

There-

Therefore this we may do, some way sample that which no way we can express; *In high things, but will is held enough*; in some things good purposes supply actions.

Like as a Bird that hath been long encaged, then chants it most merrily, when she gets loose into the open air.

Nititur in sylvas quæque redire suas.

And every one of that wing'd race.
Strives for the wood, their native place.

Or as a sick man that hath wearily tossed and turned himself in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day break, when the Sunbeams guild the morning. Job, *So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me; when I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? And I am full of tossing to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.*

Or as a prisoner that feels his chains heavy upon him, longs for releasment,

Liberaque à ferris crura futura velit.

And his weary limbs would fain,
Deliver from the Iron Chain:

So will it be with thy ſoul, when thou ſhalt hear thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto me, thou that art weary and heavy laden; and I will refreſh thee.*

The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to Penitents and Petitioners: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wherefore, as a wearied Traveller that hath paſſed a long journey, though perhaps he meet with ſome delights by the way, is then gladdeſt when he comes within kenning of his Country;

——*Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos*
Ducit.——

The native ſoyl invites
All with its ſweet delights.

Even ſo thy Soul after many years Pilgrimage in the wilderneſs of this wretched world, being come with *Moſes* to Mount *Nebo*, and beholding the pleaſant Land of *Canaan*, from the top of *Piſgah*, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to ſee

the

the Son coming as a Bridegroom out of his chamber.

The same God, that by the hands of his Angels, carried up the soul of *Moses* to his glory, doth also by the hands of his Angels carry his body down into the valley of *Moab*, to his Sepulture. Those hands that had taken the Law from Him, those eyes that had seen His Presence, those lips that had conferred so oft with Him, that face that did so shine with the beams of His Glory, may not be neglected when the soul is gone. He that took charge of his birth, and preservation in the Reeds on the water, takes care of his Carriage out of the world. The care of God ceaseth not over his own, either in death, or after it. Yea, that Divine hand which locked up this treasure, and kept the Key of it, brought it forth afterwards glorious. In the transfiguration, this body which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the hill of *Tabor*; that we may know, these bodies of ours are not lost, but laid up; and shall as sure be raised in glory, as they are laid down in corruption. *We know, that, when he shall appear, we shall also appear with him in glory. Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum: My beloved went down to his Garden, to the bed of Spices.* Of

Of this joy thy dazled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health; but then, it was as the blind man's vision in the Gospel, to whose first sight, men seemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new state, thou shalt see clearly Men and Angels stand before the Lamb's Throne, and hear thy self invited to the Lamb's Supper, where *thou shalt be brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee.* It is the best eloquence to speak to *God* in the same language he speaks to us.

Come then, O Shulamite, *stay me with Flaggons and comfort me with Apples; for I am sick of love: Kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou lyest at noon.*

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Psalm, let be the Raptures of thy soul; which, as in a trance, shall be caught up to Heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezekiel* by the Angel.

And with an Heroical Alacrity, tempered with a Gracious Humility, give up thy Soul to God, and bid farewel to the world. Sing with *Deborah, O my soul, thou hast marched valiantly*; and say with *David, Return now, my soul, unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying St. *Stephen*, before his eyes were closed, had a facial and personal sight of his Saviour: *He looked stedfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.* Old *Simeon*, after he had seen his Saviour, rejoyced then to say, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.* O sound that sweet voice in the ears of my Soul, which thou spakest unto the penitent Thief on the Cross, *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* For *I*, O Lord, do with the Apostle, (for my soul speaketh unto thee Jesus) *desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.*

THE

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOUL.

THe Soul is ravished when she contemplates heavenly things, and is delighted with that Contemplation.

This is a kind of Arreption to Heaven; when a Man abstracts himself from Earth, and by Contemplation, grows into acquaintance with GOD; for then he seems to converse with God, and become *a partaker of the Divine Nature*, then he sends forth strong emanations of Divine Love. Those *affectiones extaticæ*, *extatick affections*, are the signals (*Amoris liquidi*) *of a melting love*: *The Soul melteth, when she is warmed by Devotion.* Such love suffers not me to be a lover of my self: And, *What shall I call them but Seraphims,*

Divinæ participes Naturæ.

whose hearts are turned into flames of Divine Love? Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, so begins that *Canticum canticorum*, *Song of songs*: And, *'Tis truly a sweet language, which beginneth with kisses*, This (*fruitivus amor*) *enjoying love*, by Divine Rapture unites me to God: for in Rapture a man seems to walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talk with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because sight increases delight; therefore Rapture would fain ascend to Vision; But that's a privilege for St. *Paul*. *Vidi Dominum*, saith *Jacob*, *I saw the Lord face to face, and my soul was delivered*. Holy *Hierom* swears it; *I call God to witness, that after I had done my fasting weeks, me thought I was among the troops of Angels*; to have private conversation with Quoires of Angels. The first Christians were ravished with a greater desire of knowledge than of food; sometimes lived three days together in contemplation, and never ate. *Rapture is the highest degree of contemplation*, saith St. *Augustine*; which raises in Man towring thoughts, irradiates his soul with so high apprehensions; and so elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himself, to live above himself. Said one in his Rapture, *I am not*

able to understand that sweetness, into which thou leadest me, O my God!

The soul being thus powerfully attracted by the inducement of so fair and divine delight, she on her part corresponds, and with a willing assent glides after these attracts; and, as a vapour exhaled by the Sun, she goes out of her self, and would willingly draw the body with her, but the substance is too sad; wherefore she quits it as not agil, or sprightful enough, to soar so high; *O that my soul had wings as a Dove, that I might fly away, and be at rest!* saith *David*.

It is an admirable thing to consider, that the eye of a man so weak, so tender a piece, should look up every day to Heaven, so wonderful in height, and yet never be tired by the way: by this, I see that Heavenly Contemplation (which is the best Optick) if it be strong enough, and not over-clog'd with earthly thoughts, is able to carry us with ease to heavenly extasie.

The Will takes pleasure to perceive the Understanding (which is the Soul's King) taken into rapture; and when the faculties both of Will and Understanding do intercommunicate their Ravishments, then are we sweetly brought into a divine extacie;

in which state, Man feels nothing of the humane; but dies in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this sacred exstasie, the Seraphical Divines make three sorts; one *of understanding*, a second *of affection*, a third *of action*.

Action is added, because a man is not to be above himself in Contemplation, and under himself in Conversation. The first of the three is, *in splendore*, *in brightness*; the second, *in fervore*, *in heat*; the third, *in labore*, *in labour*: The one caused by *admiration*, the other by *devotion*, the last by *operation*.

In these Raptures, the Fathers, who were stiled Saints, had such a complacency, as they strove to act this as the way of a new life, sometimes before their death; insomuch as the Votaries would say, *Never was a Saint, but had exstasies, and ravishments of life before his death*; they laboured by a liquefaction of their souls into God, to ensoul themselves in God, to put themselves out of natural comportment of the body, and so to live in Divine exstasie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to say, *I knew a Man in Christ fourteen years ago, whether*

in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.

Some ſo lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, ſome with fervency of ſpirit were tranſported into ſuch exſtaſie, that their ſouls being wholly converſant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common aſſiſtance to Nature, and ſo have died through exinanition and want of ſtrength, conceiving there was no uſe of any creature, to them that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love perform the office of death, *Love is as ſtrong as death*, ſaith *Solomon*: nay, with them it wrought more than death could do; for Death only performeth by Effect, that which Love operateth by Affection: Death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſouls; but Love ſeparated their ſouls from their bodies living.

In ſuch a Trance, they report St. *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Jacob, *when he had faſt hold on God, let him go for a Bleſſing*: But the *Shunamite*, *my ſoul will not let thee go ſo*: For ſhe now ſeeks no more benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

St. *Hierom* was wont to ſay, *my Saviour, diddeſt thou die for love of me? A love more*

dolorous than death, but to me a death more lovely than life it self. I cannot live, and love thee, and be longer from thee.

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint, was recovering from dying; it is reported he was heard to say; *O my God, do not for pity so over-joy me! If I must still live, and have such consolations, take me to heaven, for he that hath once tasted this and thy sweetness, must necessarily live afterwards in bitterness.*

This is the state of love's life in God, which giveth a super-humane Being unto Man, Man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engraffing into God by her uniting vertue, makes me now say, *Now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. My life is hid in Christ with God.* And now methinks, I see him face to face, *In that blessed vision, and face of God always revealed.*

By viewing the glory of the Bridegroom, the soul is transformed from glory to glory; so that she dare say, *Thou art all fair my Love. Who is this that cometh from* Edom, *with red garments from* Bozra? *I now behold the day spring from on high come to visit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South Restore: And so Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

MORTIS

MORTIS EPILOGUS:

The Concluſion of Death.

BEcauſe death doth attend thee (O my Soul) daily, do thou daily wait for death.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe four things.

1. *Unde venis*, *Whence thou comeſt.*
2. *Quo vadis*, *Whither thou goeſt.*
3. *Quid es*, *What thou art.*
4. *Quid eris*, *What thou ſhalt be.*

Upon enquiry, *Unde venio*, *Whence I come*; I am told, that *ſinners begat me a ſinner in ſin.* Miſerable wretches brought me a miſerable wreth into this vale of miſery.

My conception was ſin, my birth miſery, my life a puniſhment, my death a torment; And by how much my life is longer, by ſo much is my ſin the greater.

This makes me think, to what end is this humane life lent unto me? For this only, To gain an heavenly life. And this is all divine love aims at; That ſo my life may ſeem ſhorter, and my labour may be leſs.

For my *Quo Vado? Whither go I?*

IT is life's, to fade and decay. *I go*, tells me, I am in a passing state. But it rejoyceth me to think that I go to my Fathers. And this hope comforts, *Thou shalt be buried in a good old age.* Therefore *it neither troubles me to live, nor affrights me to die:* for death helps to comfort my life. *And so I live in patience, and die in desire.* I shall therefore a little while bewail my sorrow; and then forgetful of my banishment, I shall go to my Country. For when death it self shall die, life will return to me again.

To express, *Quid sum, What I am.*

WHat speech can unfold? *Dust thou art*, this I know: *and to dust thou shalt return*, this is sure: That *Man is a sickly, rotten, empty thing*; *and that every Man shall be turned into no Man*: This every man finds.

Our metal is of a moist humour:

And the mould no better; *in an unclean womb*: *Condemned sooner than born*, and that's our condition.

Our best stock is, the seed of *Abraham*; saying

saying to corruption, *Thou art my Mother*: And to the worms, *Ye are my Brethren*, Here is our great Kindred.

Our dwelling is amongst Flies and Fleas, Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing. What then is our Being? a dream and sorrow. If so,

Si natus sum plorans
Si morior plangens.
Nolo ego vivere rident:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare, quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præsentanda est in cœlis.

If weeping I be born, and weeping dies.
Why do I live so free and pleasantly.
This only I desire
My soul to attire,
Which is to be presented by and by.
To God and Angels with all purity.

Now for *Quid eris*, *What thou shalt be?*

This also I know.

I Know, what I am, and therefore know myself not to be. But yet I desire both

too

to be and know what I am. For to see God, and to live with God, is to be in God, and to have God: and this is eternal safety, and secure eternity. This may be admired, hardly understood: Yet better understood than can be expressed. Therefore to my soul I say not, *O poor pretty wandering soul!* But,

O soul, Ennobled with the Image of God, Adorned with his likeness, Espoused to him by Faith, Redeemed by his Blood, Endowed with his Spirit, ranked with his Angels, what hast thou to do with flesh?

But to contemplate,

O what brightness, what sweetness, what pleasure remaineth for me in that vision, where I shall behold Christ face to face!

O Lord, hear my words, consider my Meditations, Psal. 5.

Go not far from me, O God: my God, hast thee to help me.

A Prayer.

A Prayer for to be uſed by the ſick.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and *ſtabliſh me* with thy free Spirit.

O Eternal, Omnipotent, and incomprehenſible GOD, *Lord of* my *Life*, and determiner of my days: my body now is *reſolving ineo duſt*, and my ſoul *returning to thee that gave it*. Thou knoweſt, Lord, the ſecrets of my heart, ſhut not up thy merciful ears to my prayer, but hear me: O Lord moſt holy, O God moſt mighty; O holy and merciful *Saviour*, thou moſt worthy Judge eternal; ſuffer me not at my laſt hour for any pains of death to fall from thee: *draw near to me*, who make haſte to come unto thee. Give me a clearer ſight of thee, by how much the nearer I am out of the dark priſon of my body: Give me alſo a quicker *taſte of the powers of the life to come*, that I may more comfortably paſs over theſe laſt troubles of this preſent life. O Lord, *my ſoul is heavy, even unto death*; for the weight of all my ſins (aggravated by the Devil) is at once upon me, and I ſink and

and faint under this *burden, which is too heavy for me to bear: neither is there any means under Heaven to ease* me of it, but by laying it upon him that *hath born our iniquities, and carried our sorrows, the Lord Jesus Christ: thou art the holy Physician, heal me; thou art that blessed Samaritan, pity me; thou art the Resurrection and life, quicken me, O Father of mercy, and God of all consolations.* Let not the guilt of my sins, or horrour of thy judgments, or Satan's suggestions, or the fear of death, or terrours of hell drive me to desperation. I confess that for my unmindfulness of thee, and ungratefulness to thee all my life, I deserve that thou shouldest utterly abandon and forsake me now at my death: *but thy thoughts are not like our thoughts, nor* thy affections like ours. *Though a woman should forget the fruit of her womb, yet thou wilt not,* nor canst not *forget* those that trust in thee. *Thy gifts and graces are without repentance, and whom thou lovest, thou lovest to the end: thou wilt not break a bruised Reed, nor quench the smoaking Flax.* Thou hast *severely corrected* me in this thy fearful visitation; yet thou *hast not*, and I stedfastly believe, *thou wilt not give me over to eternal death.* Dear Father, *shew thy strength in my* greatest *weakness*:

con-

confirm thy mercy to me in my greatest need; apply thy comfort to me in this my last extremity. Asswage the pains of my body with ghostly comforts; and diminish *the fear of death*, by the assured hope of a *better life*. Call to my mind (whilst yet I breath) all the errors of my Understanding, that I may timely revoke them; all the sins of my Will, that I may heartily bewail them; all the testimonies of thy Love, that I may gratefully acknowledge them; all the *promises of thy Gospel*, that I may comfortably embrace them; all my holy vows and purposes, that I may finally confirm them: *and gracious Lord, accept the will for the deed.*

O let me, that am now returning to *dust and ashes*, *speak but this once to my Lord*, and Maker. With all my heart, soul, and strength, I beseech thee, by all that my Saviour *Jesus Christ* hath done and suffered for me, I entreat thee *speak peace to my soul* at her departing; and *say unto her, I am thy salvation*. O make my election sure by my true repentance, fervent charity, assured confidence, constant patience, comfortable perseverance unto the end, and in the end. *Amen.*

Another.

Another Prayer to be used at the visiting of the sick. For thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for: Thou art my hope, even from my youth. O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

O Most Glorious *Creator*, gracious *Redeemer*, everlasting *Comforter*, *Lord God Almighty, send me aid and help from Heaven*, in this my last and most dreadful conflict with all the powers of *Hell and darkness*. Arm me with thy *compleat Armour*, and endue me with *power from above*, to vanquish Satan and his infernal bands, and to *quench all the fiery darts of the wicked*, in the blood of my Redeemer. I am thine, O *God the Father*, by the right of Creation: I am thine, O *God the Son*, by the right of thy Purchase: I am thine, *O God the Holy Ghost*, by the right of thine Inhabitation and Possession: Save me *Father*, by thy power; save me *Son*, by thy merits: save me *Holy Spirit*, by thy grace. O Holy, Blessed and Glorious Trinity, *whose power no creature is able to resist*; rebuke and confound thine enemy that goeth about to *deface thine Image* in me, to spoil thy workmanship, to destroy him for whom thou, *O Son*, offeredst thy,

thy self on the cross by the eternal Spirit to *the Father*. *O Father*, be now to me a *Father* in my greatest distress: *O Jesus*, be to me a *Jesus*, in my greatest danger: *O Comforter*, be to me a *Comforter* in greatest afflictions. *Holy and righteous judge eternal*, suffer not Satan to take any advantage of thy Fatherly chastising me; he grows strong against me by this my great weakness; now he rageth most furiously, because *his time is short*; he assaulteth me every way: by subtil suggestions, by fearful visions and apparitions; he terrifieth my flesh with the ugly shape of death, he affrighteth my conscience with the horrour of the last judgment, and scorcheth my soul even with flashes of Hell fire. *O Father of Spirits deliver not the soul of thy Turtle Dove (that mourneth to thee day and night) as a prey unto him.* Though never so deformed, yet I am thy work, O God my *Father*; though never so vile, yet I am thy purchase, *O God my Redeemer*; though never so polluted, yet I am thy Temple, O God *my Sanctifier*. Faithful *Creator*, preserve the work of thine hand; faithful *Redeemer*, preserve the purchase of thy blood; faithful *Sanctifier*, preserve the temple of thine honour. *I abhor my self, and repent in dust and ashes*; and I conceive

more

more grief than I am able to express, for abusing thy works, O *Father*; thy Word and Sacraments, O *Son*; thy Gifts and Graces, O *Spirit*. O *Father*, forgive me all sins of infirmity against thy power; O *Son*, forgive me all sins of ignorance against thy wisdom; O *Holy Ghost*, forgive me all sins of malice against thy grace. Most mighty *Father*, vouchsafe me thy protection: Most merciful *Son*, grant me thy peace: Most gracious *Spirit*, give me thy comfort; that I may safely, peaceably and chearfully leave this vale of tears. *Father* possess me of the Kingdom which thou, O *Son*, hast purchased; and thou, O *Spirit*, hast sealed unto me! *Into thy hands*, O *Father*, who *breathedst into me the spirit of life*: Into thy hands, O *Son*, who breathedst out thy Spirit for me: Into thy hands, O *Holy Spirit*, who *renewedst a right spirit within me*, and hast comforted my spirit to the last gasp; *I now commend my soul and body, and all that is within me, to bless thy holy Name, Amen.*

A

A Prayer at the hour of Death.

I am in misery, and like to him that is at the point to die: from my youth up, thy terrors, O most mighty, have I suffered with a troubled mind.

O Most mighty and glorious Lord God, the Father of mercy, the Lord God of the spirits of all flesh, who hast made us these souls, and hast appointed us the time to come into this world, so having finished our Course to go out of the same, the numbers of my days which thou hast determined are now expired, O Lord. Welcome blessed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the close of my sighs, the bound of my travels, the Goal of my Race, and the Haven of my Hopes. *I have fought a long fight* in much weakness; *I have finished my course*, though in great faintness; and the Crown of my joy is, that through the strength of thy grace, *I have kept the true faith*, and now I die in it. I willingly resign my soul and body into thy hands. I will lay me down, and take my rest: *And Lord, when I awake up, let me be satisfied with thy pre-*

sence

ſence in thy glory. *I deſpiſe the world,* and I defie the Devil, who hath no part nor ſhare in me. *And now, what's my hope? My hope, Lord Jeſus, is even in thee. For I know that thou my Redeemer liveſt, and thou wilt* immediately receive my ſoul, and raiſe up my body alſo *at the laſt day,* and *I ſhall ſee thee in my fleſh with theſe eyes, and no other. My heart fainteth, my ſtrength faileth,* my Tongue faltereth: Lord, let thy *Spirit of comfort* help mine infirmities, and *make ſupplication* for me, with ſighs *and groans that cannot be expreſſed.* I ſubmit my ſelf wholly to thy will: *I commit my ſoul to thee, as my faithful Redeemer, who haſt bought it with thy moſt precious blood.* I profeſs to all the world, *I know no name under heaven, by which I may be ſaved,* but thine, my *Jeſus*, my *Saviour*: tarry with me, O bleſſed *Jeſu!* until the evening of my age, and when the night of death approacheth, I will not let thee go, till thou haſt bleſſed me: I renounce all confidence in any merits ſave thine: I thankfully acknowledge all thy bleſſings; I unfainedly bewail all my ſins; I ſtedfaſtly believe all thy promiſes; I heartily forgive all mine enemies; I willingly leave all my friends; I utterly loath all my earthly comforts; I entirely long for thy coming. O

Lamb of God which by thy blood haſt taken away the ſins of the world, have mercy upon me a ſinner; Lord Jeſus receive my Spirit, *Amen. When ſhall I come before thy preſence? In thy preſence is fulneſs of joy, and at thy right hand are pleaſures for evermore. Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly; Lord Jeſus receive my ſpirit.*

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days alſo like the days of an hireling: Job 7. 1. *And though after my ſkin, worms deſtroy this body; yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God, whom I ſhall ſee for my ſelf; and my eyes ſhall behold, and not another, though my veins be conſumed within me:* Job 19 26, 27. *Call to remembrance, O Lord, thy tender mercies, and thy loving kindneſs, which hath been ever of old. Oh remember not the ſins and offences of my youth; but according to thy mercies think thou upon me, O Lord, for thy goodneſs ſake:* Pſal. 25. 26, 27. *But no man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him, for it coſt more to redeem their ſouls, ſo that he muſt let that alone for ever; yea, though he live long: and ſee not the grave, but God, hath delivered my ſoul from the place of hell; for he will receive me:* Pſal. 49. 7, 8, 9, 15. *My ſight faileth for very trouble; Lord, I have called daily upon thee; I have*

ſtretched

ſtretched out my hands unto thee, doſt thou ſhew wonders among the dead? or ſhall the dead riſe up again, and praiſe thee? Shall thy loving kindneſs be ſhewed in the grave, or thy faithfulneſs in deſtruction? Pſal. 88. 9, 10, 11.

O Bleſſed Lord, who ſcourgeſt every ſon whom thou receiveſt; let me not be weary of thy correction; but give me ſuch a perfect ſubjection to thee the Father of Spirits, that this chaſtiſement may be for my profit, that I may thereby be partaker of thy holineſs.

Lord, the Waters are come in, even unto my Soul: O, let thy Spirit move upon theſe waters, and make them like the Pool of Bethesda, *that they may cure whatſoever Spiritual diſeaſe thou diſcerneſt in me.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finiſhed my courſe, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of righteouſneſs, which the Lord ſhall give me at the laſt day.

Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of Truth. Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly; Amen.

Directions

Directions for to read often to the sick these places of Scripture.

THe 3 first, the 7 and 14 Chapters of *Job.*
The 34 Chapter of *Deut.*
The two last Chapters of *Joshua.*
The 17 Chapter of the first book of Kings.
The 38, and 40, and 65th Chapters of *Isaiah.*
The third Chapter of the *Lamentations* of *Jerem.*
The History of the Passion of Christ.
The 8th of the *Romans.*
The 15th of the first Epistle to the *Corinthians.*
The 4th. of the first Epistle to the *Thessalonians.*
The 5th. of the second Epistle to the *Corinthians.*
The first and last Chapters of St. *James.*
The 11th. and 12th. of the *Hebrews.*
The first Epistle of *Peter.*
The three first, and three last Chapters of the *Revelations.*
Psalms 25, 32, 38, 51. 130, 143.

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